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FILM FUN

APRIL, 1922
PRICE 20 CENTS



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THE PLOT THICKENS

the first 62 PARAMOUNT PICTURES of 1922

PARAMOUNT Showmen everywhere are on their toes to give you the greatest shows imaginable this year!

Study the list. Here's rich food for joyous anticipation!

On Paramount nights there will be a gathering of the clans and the fans in every town.

It's Paramount's TENTH Birthday this year, you know, and high celebrations are in order all year!

If it's a Paramount Picture it's a fan picture!

See these sixty-two as a starter and you'll tell the world we said it!



FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADDOLPH ZUKOR President
NEW YORK CITY

Released January, 1922, to August 1, 1922

Ask your theatre manager when he will show them

- | | |
|---|---|
| Wallace Reid in "Rent Free"
By Izola Forrester and Mann Page | Constance Binney in "The Sleep Walker"
By Aubrey Stauffer
A Realart Production |
| A William de Mille Production
"Miss Lulu Bett"
with Lois Wilson, Milton Sills, Theodore
Roberts and Helen Ferguson
From the novel and play by Zona Gale | Marion Davies in "Beauty's Worth"
By Sophie Kerr
A Cosmopolitan Production |
| Wanda Hawley in "Too Much Wife"
by Lorna Moon. A Realart Production | Betty Compson in
a William D. Taylor Production
"The Green Temptation"
From the story "The Noose"
By Constance Lindsay Skinner |
| "Back Pay," by Fannie Hurst. Directed by
Frank Borzage
A Cosmopolitan Production | May McAvoy in "Through a Glass Window"
By Olga Printzlau
A Realart Production |
| Agnes Ayres in Sir Gilbert Parker's Story
"The Lane That Had No Turning" | "Find the Woman" with Alma Rubens
By Arthur Somers Roche
A Cosmopolitan Production |
| Thomas Meighan in "A Price There Was"
From George M. Cohan's play and the novel
"Enchanted Hearts" by Darragh Aldrich | Ethel Clayton in "The Cradle"
Adapted from the play by Eugene Brieux |
| Marion Davies in "The Bride's Play"
by Donn Byrne
Supervised by Cosmopolitan Productions | Mary Miles Minter in "The Heart Specialist"
By Mary Morison
A Realart Production |
| Bebe Daniels in "Nancy From Nowhere"
by Grace Drew and Kathrene Pinkerton
A Realart Production | Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt in
"Bought and Paid For"
A William DeMille Production
Adapted from the play by George Broadhurst |
| A George Fitzmaurice Production
"Three Live Ghosts" with
Anna Q. Nilsson and Norman Kerry | Pola Negri in "The Devil's Pawn" |
| Mary Miles Minter in "Tillie"
From the novel by Helen R. Martin
A Realart Production | Dorothy Dalton in "Tharon of Lost Valley" |
| Cecil B. DeMille's Production "Saturday
Night" by Jeanie Macpherson | Wanda Hawley in "The Truthful Liar"
By Will Payne
A Realart Production |
| Betty Compson in "The Law and the Woman"
Adapted from the Clyde Fitch play
"The Woman in the Case"
A Penrhyn Stanlaws Production | John S. Robertson's Production
"The Spanish Jade" by Maurice Hewlett |
| "One Glorious Day"
With Will Rogers and Lila Lee
By Walter Woods and O. B. Barringer | "Is Matrimony a Failure?" with T. Roy
Barnes, Lila Lee, Lois Wilson and Walter Hiers |
| George Melford's Production
"Moran of the Lady Letty"
With Dorothy Dalton
From the story by Frank Norris | Gloria Swanson in Elinor Glyn's
"Beyond the Rocks" |
| May McAvoy in "A Homespun Vamp"
By Hector Turnbull. A Realart Production | Mia May in "My Man" |
| "Boomerang Bill" with Lionel Barrymore
By Jack Boyle. A Cosmopolitan Production | Marion Davies in "The Young Diana"
By Marie Corelli
A Cosmopolitan Production |
| Ethel Clayton in "Her Own Money"
Adapted from the play by Mark Swan | Jack Holt and Bebe Daniels in
"A Stampede Madonna" |
| John S. Robertson's Production
"Love's Boomerang" with Ann Forrest
From the novel "Perpetua"
By Dion Clayton Calthrop | A George Fitzmaurice Production
"The Man from Home"
with James Kirkwood, Anna Q. Nilsson,
Norman Kerry, Dorothy Cumming
and John Milern
From the play by Booth Tarkington and
Harry Leon Wilson |
| Constance Binney in "Midnight"
By Harvey Thew. A Realart Production | Agnes Ayres in "The Ordeal" |
| Pola Negri in "The Red Peacock" | Thomas Meighan in "The Proxy Daddy"
From the novel by Edward Peple |
| Bebe Daniels in "A Game Chicken"
By Nina Wilcox Putnam
A Realart Production | Wallace Reid in "Across the Continent"
By Byron Morgan |
| William S. Hart in "Travelin' On"
By William S. Hart
A William S. Hart Production | Sir Gilbert Parker's story
"Over the Border"
with Betty Compson and Tom Moore
A Penrhyn Stanlaws Production |
| Elsie Ferguson and Wallace Reid in
"Peter Ibbetson"
by George Du Maurier
A George Fitzmaurice Production | "Sisters" by Kathleen Norris
A Cosmopolitan Production |
| "The Mistress of the World"
A series of Four Paramount Pictures with
Mia May. Directed by Joe May
From the novel by Carl Figdor | George Melford's Production
"The Cat That Walked Alone"
with Dorothy Dalton |
| Wallace Reid in "The World's Champion"
Based on the play "The Champion"
By A. E. Thomas and Thomas Louden | Thomas Meighan in "The Leading Citizen"
By George Ade |
| Gloria Swanson in "Her Husband's
Trademark"
By Clara Beranger | Pola Negri in "The Eyes of the Mummy" |
| Wanda Hawley in "Bobbied Hair"
By Hector Turnbull
A Realart Production | Jack Holt in "The Man Unconquerable"
By Hamilton Smith |
| Cecil B. DeMille's Production
"Fool's Paradise"
Suggested by Leonard Merrick's story
"The Laurels and the Lady" | Ethel Clayton in "For the Defense"
From the play by Elmer Rice |
| | Mia May in "Truth Conquers" |
| | Agnes Ayres in "The Three of Us"
By Rachel Crothers |
| | "The Beauty Shop" with Raymond Hitchcock
From the musical comedy by Channing
Pollock and Rennold Wolf
A Cosmopolitan Production |
| | Mary Miles Minter in "South of the Suva"
By Ewart Adamson |

IF IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE IT'S THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN

Another Book Sale Extraordinary!

LAST month, in order to clean out an odd lot of good books, we advertised to sell them to the highest bidders. 3,069 books were sold and more than 500 additional bids were returned that could not be filled. Several hundred purchasers secured good books at bargain prices and are richer for their investment. Here is another offer of more books which will be sold to the highest bidders. All are in first-class condition—books well worth reading and owning. They are attractively bound in cloth and will adorn your library.

Fix Your Own Price

This is your chance to get these books, not at the publisher's price, but at your own. Make any bid you want to—10 cents, 50 cents, \$1—whatever you wish. Send in your check or money order attached and specify the books you want and the price you want to pay.

The highest bidders will get the books—no matter how low the price. Bids will close March 18, 1922. At that time, all bids will be tabulated and the books shipped to the highest bidders. Any bids not accepted will be returned at once.

Here Are the Books

246 copies "Blood Stained Russia,"

by Captain Donald C. Thompson; size 9" x 12". 200 pages printed on heavy plate paper, profusely illustrated. Bound in red cloth. Publisher's price \$3.00—what do you bid? You can make any offer you wish—10 cents, 25 cents, 50 cents—whatever you say. Successful bidders will get their books at once, carefully packed, express collect.

698 copies "The United States in the Great War,"

by Willis J. Abbot—another book that should be in every home and that, in years to come, will be held almost priceless. Size 7½" x 10½". 328 pages, profusely illustrated in black and color—several hundred pictures. Frontispiece portrait of General Pershing in color. Map end leaves, cloth bound with inset color-plate. Here's a book that you simply must have. While the publisher's price was \$3.00 and the book is worth it—make your own bid!—say one dollar?

52 sets "Paul de Kock,"

4 volumes, titles, "The Child of My Wife," "The Damsel of the Three Skirts," "The Barber of Paris," "Sister Anne." Illustrated, bound in crimson cloth, stamped in gold; size 5¼ x 8", title pages in color, 1140 pages printed on fine white antique book paper—a splendid standard library edition. A bargain at \$4.00 a set, but set your own price!

984 sets James Montgomery Flagg's

4 masterpieces—"One Up and Two to Go," "Have a Heart," "Wallnuts," "Aren't You Coming Along"—reproduced in full color by special art-color process on heavy mat-board, ready for framing. These are beautiful reproductions of the clever work of one of America's most popular artists—pictures that you will enjoy hugely. Make your own bid for a complete set of 4—25 cents, 50 cents—whatever you say.

958 Copies "Winston Simplified Dictionary,"

including all the words in common use defined, so they can be easily understood, edited by William D. Lewis, A.M., Ph.D., Deputy Superintendent of Public Instruction, State of Pennsylvania and Edgar A. Sniger, Ph.D., Professor of Philosophy, University of Pennsylvania. 820 pages, flexibly bound, stamped in gold, colored edges, frontispiece in color. Winston's definitions are clear and complete with wealth of verbal and pictorial illustrations. All are new pictures prepared for their teaching value in clarifying words. It is not a version nor an abridgment of an older work. It has been designed to supply accurate information for the school, the office, the home. The typography is large and clear—profusely illustrated. It is a bargain at \$1.50—but bid less if you want to take that chance.

386 sets "Power and Force,"

by Welham Clarke. Sixteen sections, 420 pages, size 7" x 5", convenient for carrying in the pocket; profusely illustrated; held in a substantial red slide case. These booklets have been a tremendous aid to thousands of young men and women in business and social life. This is a Course for the Development of Personal Power and Force through the Practical Application of Memory, the Reading of Character and Personality in Business and Social Life. The Course includes: "The Power of Memory," Divisions and Rules, The Memory Key and How it Unlocks, The Secret—Mental Gymnastics, Memory in Reading, Memory in Business, Remembering Names and Faces, Memory Defects Remedied, Practical Applications; "Reading of Character," in the Figure, Head and Face; in the Features; the Forehead and the Eyes, the Nose, Mouth, Chin and Ears; in the Hands; Grasp, Handwriting, Fingers and Prints, Scientific Palmistry; Developing Personality, Feminine Traits, Talking to Win. How much—one dollar?

160 copies "Shop Management,"

by Frederick Winslow Taylor, M. E., Sc.D., Post President of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers and author of "Principles of Scientific Management," with an introduction by H. R. Towne, President of the Yale & Towne Manufacturing Company. "Shop Management" is written in simple language, with practical illustrations drawn from practical experience, designed for those interested in the management of industrial enterprises in the production of goods. Red cloth binding, stamped in gold, 6" x 9", printed in large type on excellent paper. Indispensable to ambitious prospective foremen—60 or 75 cents—one dollar? What do you say?

527 sets "Shakespeare,"

10 volumes, assorted titles. Size 2" x 2½", bound in limp leather, marbled end leaves, colored edges. Make your own bid for a set of 10 volumes. Most convenient for carrying in your pocket for reading on train or trolley. Every person should know the principal works of Shakespeare. What are they worth to you? Remember! 10 volumes miniature, bound in limp leather!

77 copies "The Family Music Book,"

published by Schirmer; a 600 page collection of specially selected pieces of piano and vocal music from the classic and modern composers, including many of the old favorites. The net price of this is \$3.00; regular sheet music size 9" x 12", bound in red cloth. Drawing room pieces, operatic arrangements, easy classics, Sunday music, marches, waltzes, dances, plantation songs, ballads, children's songs, hymns, vocal duets, are only a few of these selections. \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50—what do you offer?

Here's your chance. Don't be bashful. Bid whatever you want, remembering that others appreciate bargain values too. Books will be expressed collect to highest bidders. Unsuccessful bidders' remittances returned March 20th. Mail your bids at once.

Brunswick Subscription Company

627 West Forty-third Street, New York City



"Fine feathers may make fine birds," but the lack of them seems to make them even finer! Mae Murray is not about to do the standing, sitting, standing dive, but represents that well-known bird in "Peacock Alley."

FILM FUN

THE MAGAZINE OF REAL MERRIMENT

VOLUME THIRTY-FIVE
NUMBER THREE NINETY-SIX

NEW YORK, April, 1922

\$2.00 FOR THE YEAR
20 CENTS A COPY



Posed by Norma Talmadge and Glenn Hunter.

He: I could dance on like this forever.

She: Oh, I'm sure you don't mean it. You're bound to improve.

The Bootlegacy

By LARRY SEMON

ONCE upon a time there was a poor working girl named Martha. Martha was a good girl but she craved liquor. Her father was an honest bootlegger and also owned a small wood alcohol plant. He had many customers and after drinking his concoctions they never drank anything else. One of the biggest cemeteries in the city was named after him.

One day Martha was wandering around Times Square, clad in an old

HAVE YOU IDEAS?

This, and the following pages, show again FILM FUN's new and very successful feature. Most comedy scenarios are collections of jokes and humorous situations. If you are ambitious to write scenarios for the comedies, what would be better than to send in amusing situations with clever titles to be illustrated by special poses of famous artists? FILM FUN will pay for every one used and will, where possible, have pictures especially posed. A way to learn to write long scenarios is to learn to write a single situation. Send in your contributions to Comedy Editor, FILM FUN, 627 West 43d St., New York City.

shawl and a pair of pink tights. It was a cold day in July, the moon was shining brightly and as she passed along the great white way the church bells tolled the noon hour. Suddenly Martha looked up (she'd been looking down before) and beheld coming towards her a familiar figure clad in B.V.D.'s. Her face paled in the bright sunlight and she clutched her ermine wrap tightly. Would he recognize her? What could she do? As the figure drew nearer she could feel his



Posed by Ethel Clayton.

"That flour you sent me yesterday was tough."

"Tough, Ma'am?"

"Yes. My husband couldn't get his teeth into the pastry I made with it!"

hot breath on her face. She staggered slightly. Not from his breath. They came face to face and stared into each other's eyes in astonishment.

"You!" he gasped.

"You!" she murmured.

A deathlike silence fell between them. Not a sound could be heard but the screeching of motor horns; the jangle of street cars; the rattle of the elevated; the cries of newsboys, ticket speculators, actors and theatrical managers, mingled with the booming of the subway and the moans of people buying theater tickets.

"You!" he gloamed.

"You!" she snorted.

The air between them was full of electric currents. They were both shocked but she had a permanent wave length. There wasn't a dry eye in the street. This tragic couple was too much for the crowd of passersby and the tears fell copiously if not bountifully. Gradually the water rose higher and higher until Broadway was a seething current. It rose menacingly to their necks but they stood

like statues gazing into each other's eyes. It rose higher. And higher. It reached her mouth. She tasted it.

"Water!" she yelped.

It rose higher. And higher. It reached his mouth.

"Water!" he screamed.

But they never moved. Amid the groans and cries of the struggling pedestrians could be heard the chugging of the police boat coming up the street. On the front porch stood the gallant captain clad in a purple kimono. He faced the peril fearlessly. Throwing off his pink kimono he leaped headlong into the surging waters. Martha was just going down for the eighth time when he reached her side. Clutching her by the left elbow he returned to the boat with powerful strokes and with the aid of the crew soon had her on board. Martha recovered consciousness and looked around in terror.

"Father!" she cried. "Where is he?"

The gallant captain bared his head.

"He went down with flying colors.

He refused to open his mouth to the water and suffocated!"

Just then the gallant captain espied a bottle floating nearby in the water. There was a message in it! Reaching over the side he picked it up and extracted the piece of paper. A note written on the back of a Gordon gin label.

"I die with my bootlegs on! All my stock I give to you! Papa."

The gallant captain handed the note to Martha in silence and when she read it she burst into great sobs.

"A watery grave!" she moaned. "Poor father!"

"You are rich!" cried the gallant captain.

Martha looked at him scathingly if not scornfully and her face saddened in the deepening twilight.

"No," she sighed, "I couldn't touch a drop of Papa's stock! I'm going to give every bit of it to the poor! They need it more than I do!"

She slowly tore the note into tiny shreds.

Above the sound of the captain's



Posed by Agnes Ayres and Forrest Stanley.

"Here's the ring you gave me. I love another."
 "What's his name and address?"
 "You're not going to kill him?"
 "No, sell him the ring!"

sobbing could be heard the chugging of a motorboat coming around the Times Building. In it could be seen the rotund figure of a man.

"Ship, Oi Oi!" he cried.

The gallant captain stopped the boat and helped the stranger aboard.

He walked over to where Martha sat. She looked up in surprise.

"Pardon me, Miss," he said, doffing his alpine hat. "I am the Producer of the Sexcitement Film Company!"

Martha gasped.

"I saw your act and I have here a contract calling for fifty thousand dollars a minute. Will you accept it? Anyone that can make 'em cry the way you did, is made!"

* * *

Now, readers, the question is: Did she accept the movie magnate's offer—or—?

Oh, you know darn well she did!

◆◆◆

"Can your baby walk?"

"Walk? Why, it's been walking now for five months."

"Is that so? What a long way he must have gone!"

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Experts are experimenting on a non-inflammable film. Now we may expect some hot stuff!

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Pullman Conductor—That couple in No. 10 are acting like a pair of fools.

Porter—Yes, suh; dey am intoxicated with honeymoonshine.

◆◆◆

Principal—Do you wish your son to take logarithms?

Mrs. Newrich—I don't mind. He's used to taking a little home-brew.

◆◆◆

Willis—I'm going to knock you into the middle of next week.

Gillis—Good. My mother-in-law is

coming to-morrow to stay until next Tuesday.

◆◆◆

"What are you filming now?"

"Hamlet in seven reels."

"It presents difficulties, eh?"

"Yes, I can't think of any excuse for lugging in our bathing girls."

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Censor's Lullaby

Hush, little feature film,

Don't you cry,

You'll be pure as snow

By and by.

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Acrostic

M ary is a little lamb,
 A nd her sweet ways may show it;
 R egarding which, if you've a doubt,
 Y ou've but to see, to know it.

How to Talk to the-Movie Stars

By RUSSELL HOLMAN

ONE of my chief jobs upon this mundane sphere has been to say appropriate things to the stars of the silent drama when my business brings me face to face with them. Like hash, they vary. For instance:

BILL HART—When going to see Bill, carry two guns. Discharge these outside the door of the star's room so he will know a friend is coming. Enter blowing your nose violently into a red bandana handkerchief. Drop all your final "g's" into a corner. Have a small rock concealed in your right hand so Bill won't break any bones when he shakes and says, "Howdy." Roll a cigarette rapidly with one hand and ask Bill how he thinks the Disarmament Conference is going to affect him.

WALLY REID—Drive to Wally's in your new Hellfire Six racing car with the exhausts all wide open and disturbing the peace as much as possible. Have some good saxophone music in a pocket of your sport clothes. Brush up on your hair and your golf *patois*. Enter smiling as humanly as possible

and exclaiming with striking originality, "Mr. Reid, I suppose you get a lot of letters from the lady fans!" End by selling him your car at a big profit.

GLORIA SWANSON—Spend an hour gazing into the windows of Fifth Avenue modiste shops and another with *Vogue* so you'll be able to give your wife an accurate low-down on what Gloria was wearing. Or, safer still, say nothing to the missus about it. Buy a shine and a manicure and have a preliminary workout with two teacups, a brace of crackers, and a couple of sugar cubes. Practice saying, "Two lumps, please." Be calm as you knock on the door. When you discover that the room doesn't resemble a DeMille set, that Gloria is as nice and as easy to talk to as the girl back home, don't get over-confident and imagine she's forgotten all about Tom Meighan and Wally Reid, now that she's seen you! Ask her, "Do stars ever really mean it when they kiss on the screen?" She won't think the conversation complete unless you do.

FLIMERICKS



If Alice would pose as poor Sadie,
The daughter of Mrs. O'Grady,
Would she, like some girls,
Wear her dark hair in curls,
Or just down her back a la Braid-y?

—Mrs. Ray Huston, 834 Daggett Ave., Napoleon, Ohio



Posed by Thomas Meighan and Charlotte Jackson

"Are you the piano tuner?"

"That's what I am."

"I'll give ya' thirty-six cents if you'll fix the darnded thing so it won't work!"

FLIMERICKS



Said Owen: "This sure makes me sore,
These bills seem to come in galore;
To each I pin a check;
When they're all paid, by Heck!
I find that I'm still Owen Moore!"

—F. T. Peterson, 312 Santa Monica Bldg., Santa Monica, Cal.

TOM MEIGHAN—Throw your orange cravat into the ash can and put a sprig of shamrock in your button-hole. Enter whistling "The Wearing of the Green." Ask Tom when he's going to cut out this business of just making two pictures a year and really settle down to work. That's sure to make a hit with him!

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Tom Meighan says that the reason so many directors direct their own wives in pictures is because the poor guys want to be boss some of the time at least.

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Poor Little Rich Girls

JACQUELINE LOGAN, leading woman for Goldwyn, says:

"Girls used to go into the chorus to get a chance at the millionaires. Witness the 'Floradora' sextette. Now they do it to get a chance at the movies. Girls don't have to marry millions any more. They make 'em."

FLIMERICKS



We greet a great hero, Ben Turp!
Though your eyes are not straight they're alert;

They look east and look west
Where the girls are well dressed,
With two at a time you can flirt!

—L. Cortright, Clerk's Box, P. O. Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.



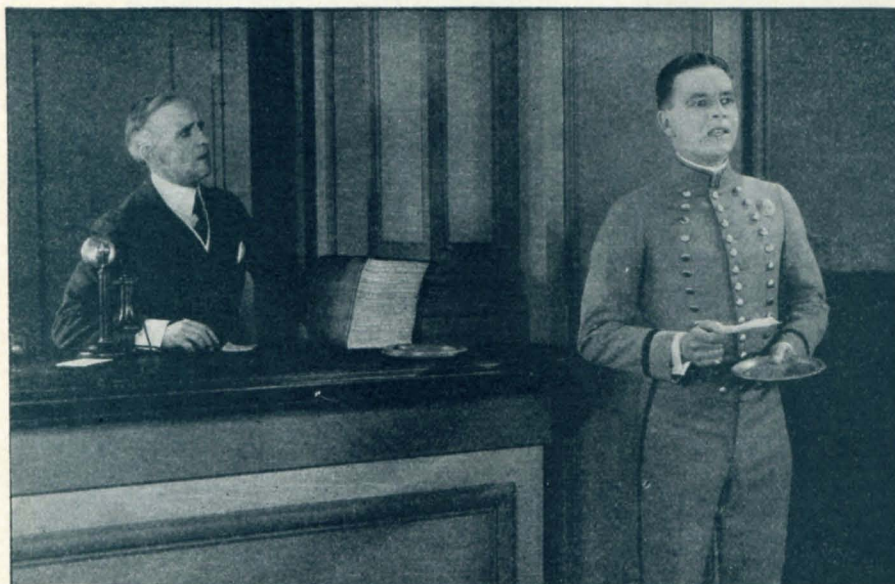
Posed by Lois Wilson and Frankie Lee

Child Star—Say, Nursie, read me some jazzy stories! I'm sick of this "Little Bo Peep" stuff!



Posed by Marion Davies and Forrest Stanley.

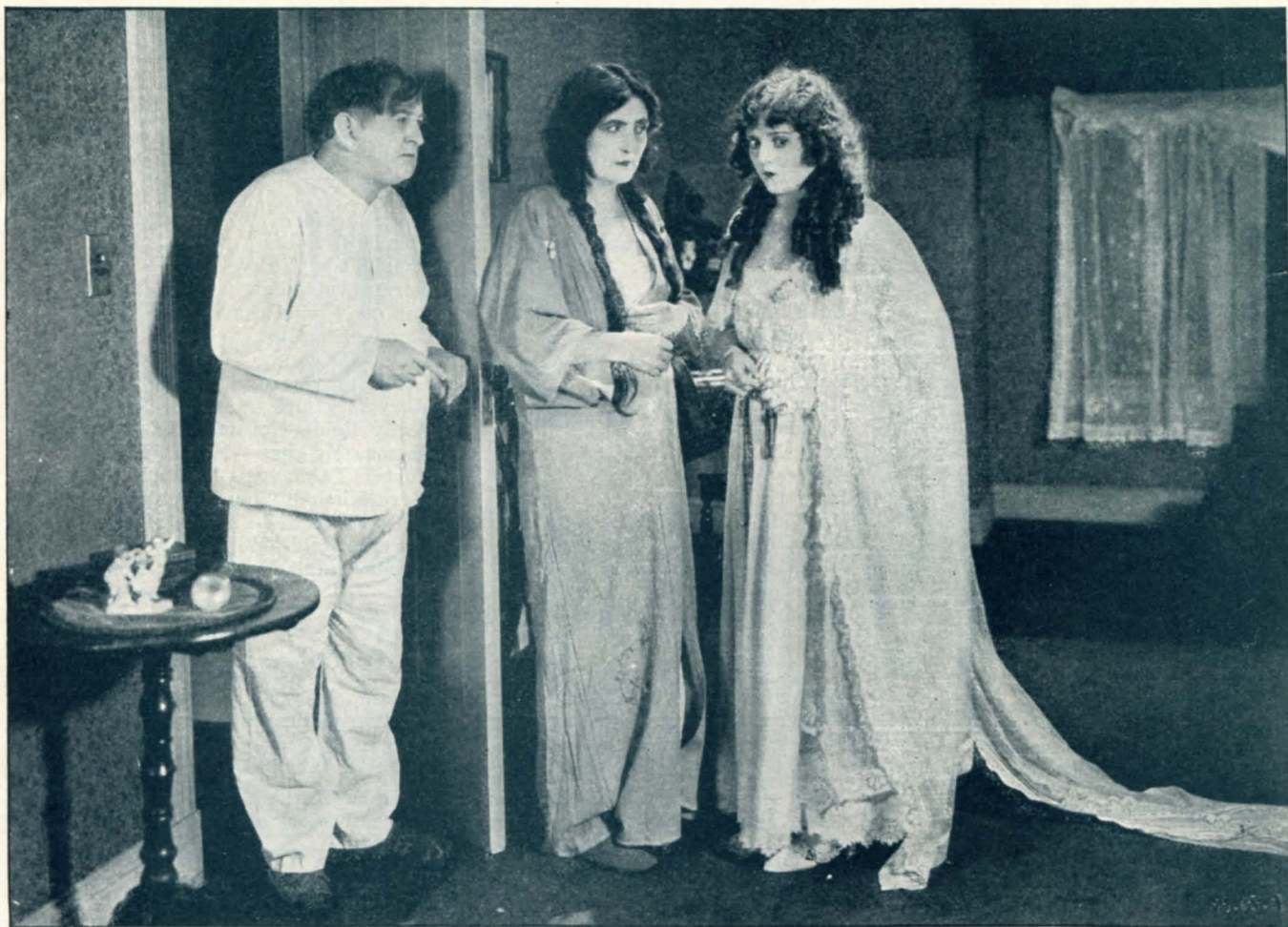
The Afternoon Tea—"There's the five o'clock whistle, dear. Can't we go now?"



Posed by Douglas MacLean.

"Front! Send a corkscrew up to 18!"





Posed by Doris May, Jean Hathaway and Fred Gambold.

*Father—How many times have I told you that that young man musn't stay later than twelve o'clock?
 "But, Father, we do our best! We begin saying good night just as soon as Jack gets here!"*



Posed by Virginia Lee and James Harrison.

*Doris—Why don't you marry her?
 Jack—She has an impediment in her speech.
 "She has? What is it?"
 "She can't say yes!"*

FLIMERICKS



Said Lillian, "Next time that I
O'er a floating iceberg have to fly.
With my feet soaking wet
You may make your best bet.
It will be on the fourth of July!"

—Jane Thomas, 157 State Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A Word to the Wise

JUNE MATHIS, the Metro scenario writer, had just finished reading Ben Hecht's "Eric Dorn," and she was marveling audibly at the novelist's vocabulary.

"He uses even more unusual words than James Huneker," she concluded. Turning to a fellow scenarist, Arthur J. Zellner, she asked: "Can you think of another writer with a larger vocabulary?"

"Webster," said Mr. Zellner.

Try It and See

DURING the filming of his latest Associated Exhibitor multiple reel comedy, "A Sailor-Made Man," Harold Lloyd was continually struggling with nautical terms and sea-going expressions of the Navy to make his feature comedy realistic in every sense of the word. One day his leading lady, Mildred Davis, approached him and asked:

"Harold, do you know the difference between a nautical mile and a land mile?"

"Sure," smiled the comedian. "Just you try to walk a nautical mile and you'll find out!"

They had a double bill at our neighborhood theater the other day and advertised it:

"What Every Woman Knows": "The Truth About Husbands."

Their Favorite Movie Actors!

IT is FILM FUN's idea that movie stars have their favorites, as well as the fans, so we made it our business to find who they are! Norma Talmadge seems to be not only the most popular among her contemporaries but also with her sex. Charlie Chaplin and Mary Pickford run her a close second. Notice that none of them pick themselves!

Alice Calhoun's.....	Mary Pickford
Constance Talmadge's.....	Charlie Chaplin
Norma Talmadge's.....	Charlie Chaplin
Marion Davies'.....	Norma Talmadge
Doris May's.....	Pauline Frederick
Sessue Hayakawa's.....	Charlie Chaplin
Wally Reid's.....	Jackie Coogan
Rudolph Valentino's.....	John Barrymore
Mary Miles Minter's.....	Mary Pickford—Marshall Neilan
Wanda Hawley's.....	Wally Reid—Norma Talmadge
Bebe Daniel's.....	Thomas Meighan—Norma Talmadge
Agnes Ayres'.....	Norma Talmadge—Rudolph Valentino
Jack Holt's.....	Clara Kimball Young—Valentino
May McAvoy's.....	Mary Pickford—Thomas Meighan
Betty Compson's.....	Florence Reid—Will Rogers
Gloria Swanson's.....	Norma Talmadge—Elliott Dexter

Facts of Interest

EX-PRESIDENT WILSON has not written a movie scenario—yet.

Adam, is yet the backbone of the motion picture industry.

The empty shells left behind after a Bill Hart picture would, if placed one a-top the other, rise just even with Secretary Hughes's silk hat.

Babe Ruth's home runs are, like some movies, over the heads of the crowd.

Betty Compson does not live with her husband. She is not married.



Posed by Forrest Stanley and Paramount Players

"Elsie says she got that dress for half price."
"Well, it's only half a dress!"

The Old Fan Speaks

By RUSSELL HOLMAN

Where are the girls of yesteryear
Who frolicked on the fillum beaches?
Gather around and shed a tear
For all those former bathing peaches.

For Mary Thurman, dark and fair,
And Betty Compson, once with Christie;
For Gloria Swanson, debonair,
And Phyllis—but my eyes grow misty.

No more they gambol on the sand;
They found a better road to fame. Ah,
They've left the water for the land
And shine now in the feature drayma!



Lloyd Writes His Own Navy Terms

WHILE working on his latest Associated Exhibitors' feature, "A Sailor-made Man," Harold Lloyd, who appears in the rôle of a sea-going "gob," was continually at sea over the Navy terms and regulations used in the picture. After reading the Blue Jacket's Manual from cover to cover he decided to write his own definitions of nautical terms. Here are a few of the comedian's attempts:

A Hatchway is a hole in the deck which stops at the bottom of the ship.

The Forecastle is the front of the ship where a sentry stands all night and endeavors to keep awake.

The After-deck. Reverse forecastle.

The Scuttlebutt is where you can get a drink of water and hear more rumors than in a boarding house or on the bridge.

The Bridge is the hangout of the navigator and skipper, and a good place to keep away from unless you have a mania for polishing brass.

The Gun Deck is an excuse for having guns on a ship. Sometimes it is noisy enough to be rather disagreeable.

The Rudder is a tricky hunk of steel which enables the ship to turn corners.

The Deck is something which also

FLIMERICKS



We would ask, as a personal favor,
To know if the shapely Miss Haver
Could swim out of the wet,
If thrown in on a bet,
Or would she have to have some one to
save her?

—Queen Hirsh, 1001 Elm St., Chillicothe, Missouri.



rhymes with neck and has to be scrubbed just as often—if not more so.

Field Day was a surprise as I expected to enter in the 100-yard dash. It proved to be the day when everything aboard was washed except the bottom of the ship and *that* didn't seem to complain.

The Masts: Two high structures which stuck out perpendicularly from the deck and enabled our cameramen to get some excellent long-shots from the peak.

An Oar is one of the heaviest pieces of timber I ever got in my hand. It is used to propel a lifeboat but is excellent to lean on when you get out of breath.

A Lifeboat is one of the best places to hide in aboard ship during a coal-ing session or field day.

An Officer is a gentleman whom you can easily find out more about if you walk by him and refrain from saluting.

Clear Ship for Action: I don't know much about this except I lost my hat and a pair of shoes.

Reveille: An annoying excuse to get the bugler up before anyone else. Cotton in the ears is a good remedy.

Sea Sickness: Something that enables one to contribute to the *Atlantic Monthly* oftener than weekly.



The rumor that Paramount has put efficiency experts to work reducing Fatty Hiers' waist is declared false.



Posed by Doris May and Harry Meyers

"I've had something trembling on my lip for a long time."

"Yes, go on!"

"I'm raising a mustache!"



Posed by Vera Anson and Jack Mulhall.

*Fair Beginner—What would I ever do if I had a spill?
“That would be a horse on you!”*



Posed by Mr. and Mrs. Carter De Haven, Helen Raymond and Thomas Lingham.

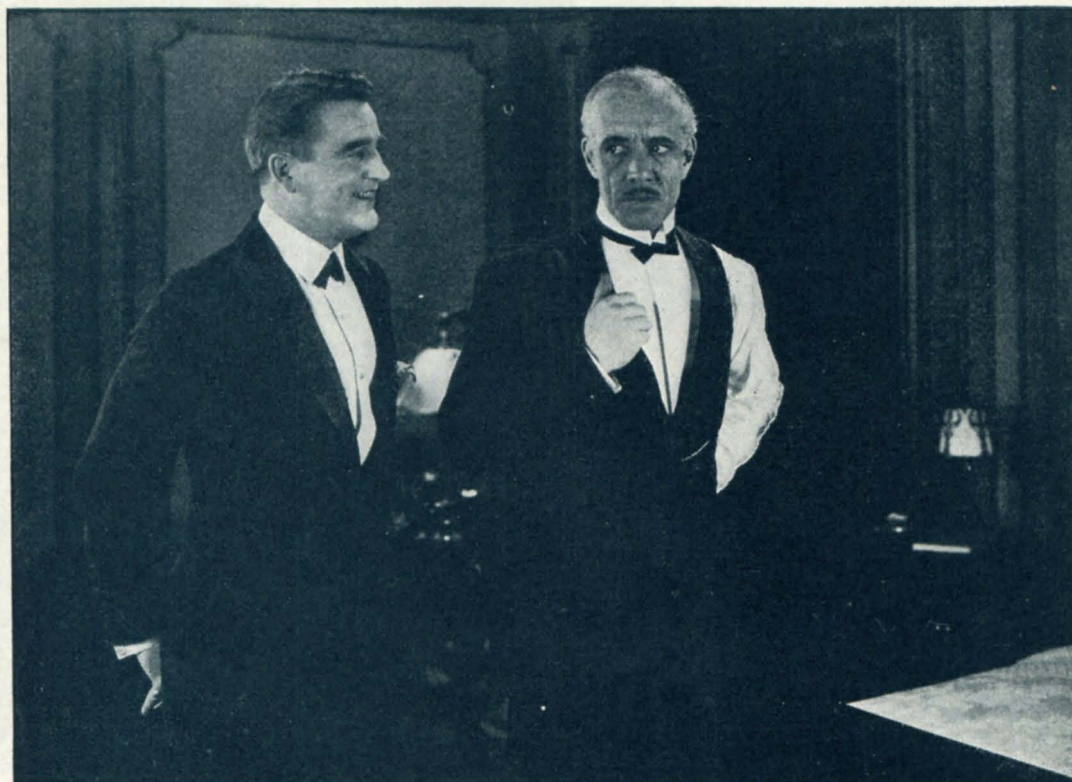
*“We’re coming over to see you to-night, Old Man.”
“Fine, but don’t let your wife wear that new dress. I don’t want mine to see it just now.”
“Gosh, that’s all we were coming for!”*



Posed by Lewis Stone, Don Davidson and Bert Woodruff.

"Jones seems to be very sure of himself."

"Sure of himself? Say, if the Doctor told him he was going to die, he'd begin taking lessons on the harp!"



Posed by William Desmond and Lewis Stone.

"Pluck is the biggest essential in business, my son."

"Yes, but the trouble is to find somebody to 'pluck!'"





Posed by Norma Talmadge and David Burns.

"Are the eggs really fresh?"

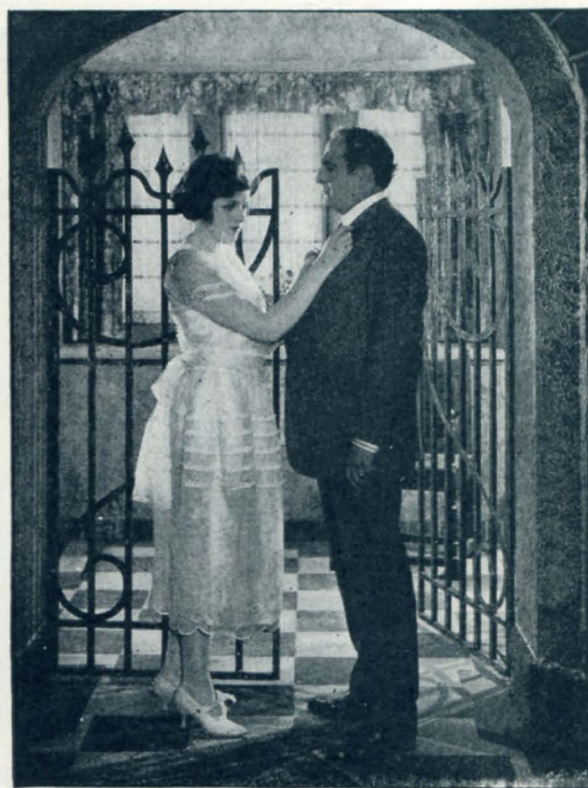
"Fresh! Why, ma'am, I can't even guarantee that they won't sass ya when ya try to beat 'em!"

FLIMERICKS



For film heroine, Elliot Dexter
Has solved many a problem that vex her.
Matrimonial squalls
Oft he calms or forestalls.
He's the screen's very best anti-wreckster.

Page 16



Posed by Elaine Hammerstein.

Father—"You little baggage, you."

"Well, if I'm baggage, Father, don't you think I ought to have a check?"



Anyone recognizing this lady will kindly raise their right hand! Right! It's Betty Compson. No, she hasn't got the measles—it's her new costume, or rather the lack of one, for her new picture, "The Green Temptation."

Why Does a Chicken Cross the Stage?



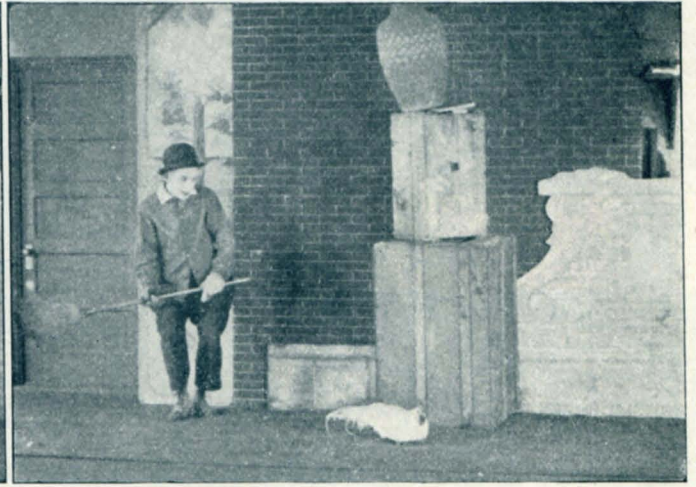
Some chicken!



Here's where I get my dinner!



Steady now, boy!



You've made your last cluck!



Say your prayers, Chick!



Let 'er go!

A Photo-comic Taken from Larry Semon's Film, "The Show"



Zowie!



Missed 'er, by gosh!



Wouldn't that jar you!



Awk!



! ! ! !



I'm off chickens for life!



Photograph by ARBE.

From a Candy Store to Fame

LILLIAN GISH was born in Massilon, Ohio. Her father was the proprietor of a chain of candy stores, one of the pioneers of the chain store idea. The family is of French descent, the original name being de Guiche. The death of her father and almost immediate business reverses for the mother brought Lillian to the stage when five years old. She appeared first in "Her First False Step," one of Blaney's roaring melodramas, because she had blonde hair, a mother and a sister; for the cast called for a mother with two little children.

Followed six years of "trouping" in melodramas with

Fisk O'Hare. Another family traveling in melodramas was the Pickfords, and the two became very close friends, a friendship that still continues.

Before they got into their teens, the Gish sisters joined the Biograph Studios to work in motion pictures.

Lillian first gained distinction in "The Birth of a Nation," appeared in "Intolerance," appeared as a star in "Hearts of the World," won her first big international recognition in "Broken Blossoms," strengthened it with her work in "Way Down East," and now has repeated again with "Orphans of the Storm."



American Boy Becomes Screen Star

IT'S almost a toss-up now as to whether Booth Tarkington made Glen Hunter or the other way about. At any rate, it's a splendid all-American team. Hunter is the lad who adolcesced so delightfully in Tarkington's "Clarence" and "The Intimate Strangers" on the stage.

On the screen he has done fine work with Norma Talmadge in "Smilin' Through"; with Dorothy Gish in "Oh, Jo," and with Constance Binney in "The Case of Becky."

But the credit for discovery of his real stellar magnitude belongs to Frank Tuttle and Fred Waller (both alumni

of Famous Players), who are bringing Glen out in a series of six pictures, soon to be released, with the clean, fresh and wholesome American boy as the theme.

Glen Hunter came to New York at the age of seventeen (prophetic age) with four nickels, one in each pocket, slept on a park bench, and wrote home that he was hitting on all six. In the course of the next few weeks, when the nickels ran out, he had found a job with the Washington Square Players at ten iron men a week. . . . The rest was easy when you're as good as Glen. Now see where he is!

Another Sub-title Contest!



The above "still" is taken from Wanda Hawley's new Realart film, "The Truthful Liar," which will be released the middle of May.

**\$10.00 Will Be Paid for the Best Sub-title for this Picture
and the Winning Title Will Be Used in the Film!**
(If it meets the necessary requirements.)

In case of tie two prizes will be given.

The judges will be:

WANDA HAWLEY

THOMAS HEFFRON, Director

PERCY HEATH, who wrote the scenario

"THE TRUTHFUL LIAR" is a story of David Haggard and his wife, Tess (Wanda Hawley), who are very much in love but have very little in common. She is very fond of cards, plays a lot with Arthur Sinclair, a nice young fellow, and the above "still" covers that part of the picture where Tess suggests that they visit a notorious card club for a lark. They go and while there, the place is raided, Tess loses her jewelry, Arthur is wounded and she takes him to her apartment. The plot thickens when blackmailers get after them and the rest of the story shows how cleverly Tess extricates herself. Sub-titles must be limited to fifteen words and must be in by April 1st. The winning title will be printed in the June issue.

ADDRESS SUB-TITLE EDITOR, FILM FUN, 627 WEST 43d ST., NEW YORK

Winning Scenario in "Film Fun's" Scenario Contest

Foiling the Foilers

By ERNEST MUIRHEAD

72 West 50th Street, New York City

PAUL PUMPERNICKEL, a popular painter of preposterous pictures, pays pretty Pansy Pennywinkle a petty pittance for posing.

Tired, but happy, Pansy starts for her hall-room in the suburbs. While crossing a lonely landscape, she encounters a band of barnacled bandits, disguised as the Smith Brothers. Obstructing her path, the leader growls: "Cough up, kid; we got the drop."

Pansy's plaintive pleas penetrate the scenery, reaching the ear of Otto Work, an entomologist engaged in ferocious combat with a cornucopia. Advancing, Otto flings his net over the hirsute head of the lozenge king's prototype, and gathering Pansy in his arms, fleetly flees, distancing the petulant pursuers. Arriving at an unfordable stream, Otto produces from his flask pocket a pair of wooden shoes, which he adjusts to his ample feet. With Pansy parked against his pompous paunch, he walks across, placing his burden, as dry as a Volsteadian banquet, on the sand. Pansy speeds away.

Wearily she comes upon a deserted shack, in which she conceals herself behind the pianola, soon succumbing to slumber. Awakened by a noise from below, she creeps to an aperture in the floor, through which she peers, perceiving Paul prone upon his back, his stomach pinioned beneath the hulk of the head bandit, futilely grasping for a derringer just out of reach. Seizing the pianola, Pansy drops it with unerring aim at the seat of the villain's brain.

Paul fairbanks to Pansy's side and ushers her to the door, where a sled drawn by seven huskies waits. This he has borrowed from Santa Claus, whom he has intercepted on a belated return from a Yum Kipper fire sale. Wrapped in their warm skins, the lovers speed away.

A pound of liver falls at the feet of the lead dog. The passengers are catapulted into the snow. Pansy finds herself gazing down the gleaming blade of a wicked knife. Paul grapples with Smith—for it is none other—bidding Pansy flee.

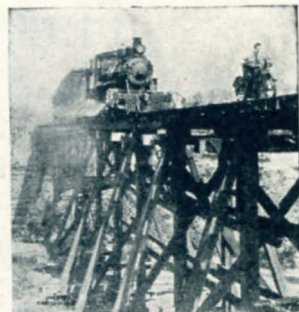
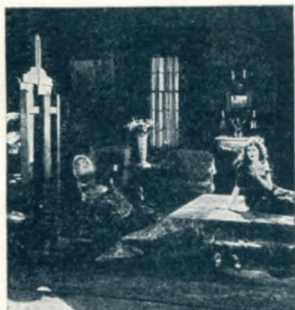
Arriving at the railroad track as the express is passing, Pansy leaps, landing in the lap of a lolling landlord.

As the train passes Paul, a lavender handkerchief is waved frantically from a car window. Paul's distended nostrils catch the familiar fragrance of forget-me-nots. Commandeering a motorcycle from a passing traffic cop, Paul intercepts the train, beating it across a trestle by a scant margin of one-quarter of one per cent. Catching the rail of the last coach, he swings aboard just as Pansy rushes frantically through the door, exclaiming: "My Gawd, the bridge is bust!" Paul's weight was too much for the second structure, and the lovers find themselves in the seething surf. Escaping the "Venida," Pansy's tresses protrude above the murk like a totem pole. A daring aviator swoops down, and, hanging by his capable toes, he snatches the hennaed hank and draws Pansy from peril.

The tank explodes, and the plane is blown to fragments. Pansy drops unscathed to the seat of an automobile from which the driver was driven by the concussion. Grabbing the wheel, she blisters the boulevard. A red racer passes, from which Paul vaults to the seat beside Pansy. The car strikes an attitude. Paul lands in a perpendicular position, Pansy pressed to his pencil pocket. He kisses; she coos.

The janitor enters, and Pansy rolls off the davenport.

The End.



The Funniest Thing I Ever Saw in the Movies!

Haven't you seen some funny happening in a Movie Audience? We remember sitting in a Movie one day when a man came in from the broad sunlight, groped his way down the aisle and then sat down on the lap of a woman! FILM FUN thinks there are lots of such humorous experiences. Surely you've seen some funny happenings, too. Don't keep them to yourself, it will entertain others to hear them. So shoot in any you have seen or heard of.

The best letters describing funny experiences which happened among the audiences in Moving Picture Theatres will be printed and paid for at our regular rates. Letters must be in by April 1st. No letters returned. Address Funny Episode Editor, FILM FUN.



How It's Done in the Movies

You have often wondered how it's done. Certain effects that you are sure could not be photographed as they seem to appear. There must be some trickery afoot. So there is. For instance—the room that spins around to a dizzy person. Of course, the room doesn't spin, but how is it done?



In the production, "The Way of a Maid," starring Elaine Hammerstein, Niles Welsh gets up out of bed and has a very dizzy spell. He is standing on the moving platform, where camera is placed. As this platform is pushed from side to side, the man remains stationary, being on the platform, but the room with Elaine Hammerstein keeps shifting back and forth.

The tall, lanky gentleman is none other than our own Wally Reid. He has been working so hard, counting coupons, that he's lost weight.



The girl in Wally's arms is glorious Gloria, and after reading this remarkable article you will realize that the way to view Miss Swanson is at an angle of 90 degrees.

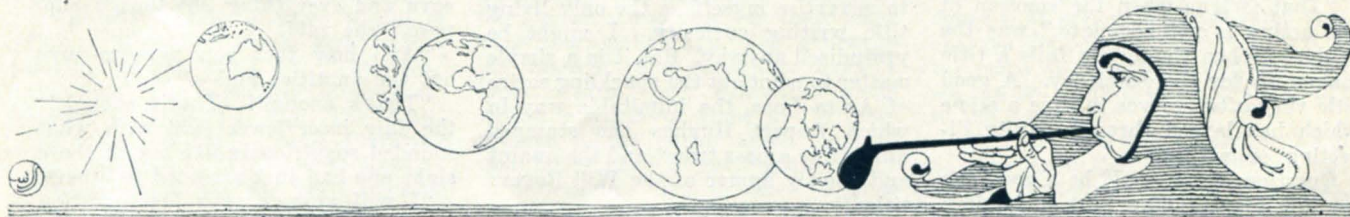
Gloria Swanson and Wallace Reid in "Don't Tell Everything."

Looking at the Screen from All Angles

By NORMAN ANTHONY

A BRAND new field has been discovered in the movies, which will bring joy to the heart of every fan. Scientists have been experimenting for months on the theory of angles in relation to the screen, and wonderful discoveries have been made which will revolutionize theaters the country over. You have no doubt noticed how the figures on the screen become elongated when you are looking at them from way over at the side, and this is the secret of the whole thing! For example, when Fatty Hiers appears on the screen, move quickly over to an angle of thirty-two degrees and he will appear to have the proportions of an Adonis! In the case of a tall, skinny actor, move

way down front so that you are looking up at the screen and he will appear perfectly normal. This same movement will also cause Bill Hart's upper lip to shorten considerably, and even Larry Semon's nose. When Ben Turpin comes on, all one has to do is to sit on opposite sides of the theatre and he will look straight. Every imperfection can be cured by moving to a certain angle and the possibilities are unlimited. The time is not far off when theaters will be equipped with sliding seats, so that the entire audience may be moved over to the correct angle, or they might dispense with seats entirely and use wheel chairs.



How I Write Sub-titles

An Interview With KATHERINE HILLIKER

KATHERINE HILLIKER laughed when she learned from this writer that she was going to be interviewed on how she writes sub-titles. But that's nothing. Once Mrs. Hilliker gurgled musically to herself when she saw a picture of a waterfall, and tapped off "Page Mr. Volstead," or words to that effect on her typewriter. And she's never had to worry about where her next limousine or pair of shoes was coming from since.

Her humorous impressions of waterfalls, cows, lakes, oceans and meadows, translated into words on her typewriter and then transferred as sub-titles to the Chester Outing Scenics made her what she is to-day—the highest priced sub-titler in the profession.

Knowing that Mrs. Hilliker, who has been described as a "quaint, unseen, brown-haired, brown-eyed little woman, her hair in a classic plait about her head, who has made you laugh," could drag at least one giggle out of a scene showing the Mediterranean by moonlight, or the Jungfrau at 1.30 P.M., who would blame her for laughing at anything once—even the title for an article about herself in FILM FUN.

"Does the director decide where he wants titles or does she?" was the first question on the list. As it was served with the grape fruit cocktail there was no way of telling which it was that struck Mrs. Hilliker as a joke—the question or the cocktail.

"I will answer that in this way," she said. "When a special writer of sub-titles is engaged, the director takes a secondary part in this work. Sometimes he may make a suggestion if he cares to, but the special writer of sub-titles is in complete charge of the situation."

Of course, as Mrs. Hilliker is an extra-special manufacturer of sub-titles it is easy to understand that she does her work without any director using his megaphone—or his reversed English sport cap, or his puttees—on her.

Question No. 2 was more in the form of a suggestion than a direct interrogation. This is it:

"It has been said that the emotion of the climax of the picture depends as much on the title as on the picture."

"That is true when the emotion of the acting is not adequate," was the reply. "When the acting fails a title makes up for the deficiency. A good title very often serves to save a scene which has lapsed through faulty directing or acting."

Question No. 3 would be a good one for any highwayman bent on holding



PHOTO BY NICHOLAS MURAY

Mrs. Katherine Hilliker is one of the best paid sub-title writers in the country. Her income from this novel field is around two thousand dollars a week.

up Mrs. Hilliker on her way home from her sub-title factory, to use instead of a gun. Anyhow, she put her hands over her head when Question No. 3 was aimed at her. It was:

"Can you give instances of pictures being ruined or rescued by title writing?"

"Help," cried Mrs. Hilliker, shaking that classic plait of hair mentioned above as one of her distinguishing features. "Help! Can you imagine how popular I would be with various persons if I should answer that? How could I give instances? Anyone who sees motion pictures very frequently must have some pretty definite views on that subject."

Question No. 4, having been poised for a moment, now was tossed across the table.

"Can you give instances and name pictures, etc., of the great success of title writing?"

The vivacious heroine of the interview leaned back in her chair and sighed.

"Now, here's the truth of the matter," she explained. "I'm not going to advertise myself as the only living title writing curiosity. I might be prejudiced anyway. But it is a simple matter to point out the sparkling satire of Anita Loos, the inimitable way in which Rupert Hughes has stamped himself as a boss titler, and the quaint and homely humor of the Will Rogers titles."

"How would a writer go about entering the field of a sub-titler?"

"There isn't any formula that I know of," was the reply. "I suppose the best routine method of attack is for the ambitious one to try to get employment in a studio, preferably as a reader, and then worm his or her way into sub-title writing. Experience on a newspaper instills brevity of expression. This is probably the best training."

"As far as I am concerned, I got into it quite by accident. The opportunity presented itself. I had an idea and the chance to put it in execution. The idea struck a popular chord. And you know the rest."

Mrs. Hilliker didn't mention, because she knew that her interviewer knew, that before she ever became a sub-titler, that she was assistant society reporter on the San Francisco Call, then Assistant Sunday Editor of the same paper, served on the Creel Bureau during the war, became Film Editor of the New York Telegraph.

"All the time," she continued, referring to those newspaper days, "a persistent bee kept buzzing in the back of my head. I felt that the scenic pictures could be made features instead of chasers on ordinary programs. I believed the way to do it was to look at the matchless canvas of nature with humor, and translate the smile to the audiences. I got the chance. The public proved I was right. The public likes to laugh. A laugh is the most valuable product of any market. The public's laughter was my key to success in my present occupation."

"I know how I happened to be a sub-titler. I can't tell anyone else how to become one—except to point out that if one has strong, fresh ideas about any business and keeps working away with the courage of his convictions he is more than likely to land."

"Personally I am glad that I landed on a wave of merriment. I like humor. I like smiles and laughter. I prefer to take life with a smile; let others sigh who may."

Mrs. Hilliker paused a moment and looked thoughtful.

"You're going to ask me what were my greatest successes, and what was my greatest success, and what does a sub-titler earn, and how much do I earn and everything like that, I suppose," she said.

"And how fast you have to turn out the subtitles and—"

"That's enough! That's enough!" the fair interviewee said with what sounded suspiciously like one of those sighs she had just assigned to others.

"I will answer your last question



It only costs you twenty cents to see this young lady in FILM FUN. If you go to Irving Berlin's new theater and see his Music Box Revue it will set you back about ten dollars a seat. Incidentally, this is Mlle. Marguerite, who has played in Universal productions.

first by saying that I am supposed to get the sub-titles done before I even begin doing them. Motion picture producers are more in a hurry than those commuters you see in the comic magazines—chasing their morning trains into town, and their evening trains back home.

"I don't think there ever was an instance where a sub-titler wasn't supposed to be through the moment the contract was signed."

"What does a sub-titler earn?"

"From \$40 to \$500 a reel," was the reply. "No, I'm not going to say how much I earn or whether or not I'm the best paid sub-titler," she added in response to a query. "And I can't tell you how fast I work. It depends. I was out at the Goldwyn studio in Culver City, California, eight weeks doing the sub-titles for 'Theodora,' the great film spectacle already released by Goldwyn, and 'The Ship,' the other Italian spectacle featuring Ida Rubinstein, the famous Russian dancer, which has not been released yet.

"Of course this was work of the most serious sort—nothing at all humorous about it. But I had had my first opportunity at this serious type of photoplay in 'Passion' and I wrote the nine reels of titles in three days—a record, I believe. That was my first work on a great feature picture. The fact that the picture was an unqualified success, that critics everywhere commented favorably on the titles, that the public appeared to enjoy them—and that immediately afterward I was engaged for 'Theodora' and 'The Ship'—was indication to me that at least I had not made a failure of the task."

Mrs. Hilliker did not mention that the stars in the sub-titling firmament have much more time for their work than the smaller fry, who generally are allowed time enough to draw a long breath, and generally finish within a week—or come to the office dressed in the parlor stove, suits of mail being hard to get these days.

"I wouldn't like to select anyone of the big features and name it the

best example of my work. 'Theodora,' unquestionably, was the greatest spectacle I ever worked on. I believe it is the greatest spectacle anyone ever filmed, or anyone ever saw for that matter. I liked Rubinstein in 'The Ship,' too. 'Passion,' of course, is close to my heart because, for one thing, it was my first great opportunity. 'The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari' was another big picture.

"Now the prospect appears endless to me. It is strange, is it not, how cumulative work becomes. The harder I apply myself to my task the wider the vista ahead. There was a time when I could see only a short distance into the future. Now the possibilities appear endless. There is no doubt that action is the dynamo that charges the battery. The more we do the more we have to do and the more we can do. The greatest rewards are to the worker."

For those who didn't know, it might be mentioned that Mrs. Hilliker was born in Spokane, educated in Georgia, and then entered newspaper work.

Ain't it funny what a difference just a little make-up makes! To see your favorite comedian sitting on a can of nitro-glycerine, or being at the receiving end of a custard pie, little would we think that he was a very serious-minded person.

At our right is a well-known young man as you usually see him and a little further over you see him as he is when not hanging from sky-scrappers!



This isn't a mask that Jimmy Aubrey has on. It's just a bunch of grease paint, eyebrows and mustache, or maybe it's a necktie. Jimmy is the only happy looking comedian, in after hours, that we've ever seen so we're afraid that this photograph was taken when he was sick.

We've got a hunch that Larry Semon knew he was being photographed when he had this picture taken. He is trying very hard to look dignified, but when you take a shot at the adjacent snap you know it's just a pose. And especially after reading "The Bootlegacy."





Sometimes a screen director finds himself in shallow water. Here is Hugo Ballin whose uncomfortable duty it is to direct Craufurd Kent to make love to his (Mr. Ballin's) wife. What's worse, he's got to watch 'em act it.

SCREENINGS

HOW the screen lost several young society ladies who imagined they were destined for careers before the camera is related by Richard Barthelmess, the young screen star.

"It is singular," he said, "how many people entertain the idea that the life of a screen actor is merely riding around in limousines and living in the lap of luxury at the best hotels while on location. This evidently was the belief of several young women who have social connections that open doors on Fifth Avenue to them. They had besieged the office of the Inspiration Pictures for a chance to get in a picture.

"Director Henry King decided to use them for 'atmosphere' in the filming of 'All at Sea.' They were instructed to take the train to the location. Arriving there they soon wished themselves back in their luxuriant apartments. It was a new sensation to them to eat dinner on a tablecloth that did not contain any linen and tableware that never came from a

Fifth Avenue jeweler's shop. Then their rooms without baths, and the comforts that all girls love, was another revelation to them.

"The next day, looking decidedly despondent, they were brought out to the yacht. They were the most forlorn appearing society young women I had ever beheld.

"Is anything wrong?" I asked one of them.

"Gracious!" came back the disgusted answer, "is anything right?"

"They never even made up. Their places were taken by extras who are accustomed to the privations of out on location."



The Lone Star Has Set

THE day of the star alone has gone in the motion picture business, according to George H. Melford, Paramount producer, who has just finished "Moran of the Lady Letty," featuring Dorothy Dalton and Rudolph Valentino,

"I don't mean that we won't have stars any more, for we shall always have star players."

"A great picture demands two things—a good story and good acting. We have plenty of good actors, but we haven't always had good stories. The demand for good stories is so great nowadays, however, that the producer who leans on a star alone is foredoomed to failure. The public won't bite.

"Time was when an author thought nothing of sitting down and throwing something together and calling it an original story for the movies.

"That is no more. Big five and six reel stories now call for the dramatic qualities and skill of a stage play, for the closely woven technic of a good short story, and for the scope and detail of a novel. That is why so many stage plays and novels are being made into motion picture plays and so many successful novelists and dramatists are giving all their time to writing solely for the screen."



FILM FUN'S

Jackie Coogan's Diary

Wednesday, Dec. 28, 1921.

7.30 A.M. Gee, I hated to get up. Daddy dear shook me twice, and I had the worst time waking up. You bet, when I get big, I'm going to be a policeman, so I can sleep standing on my feet.

9.00 A.M. Well, here I am at the studio. I brought some of my toys in the car to play with on the "set" between scenes.

The lights wouldn't work this morning, so we are going to lay off till after lunch.

12.00 A.M. Horray, eats are ready at mother's! Not my mummy dear's house, but a lady who cooks at the studio and runs a cafe.

1.30 P.M. Back to work. Somehow or other those ginks that work the lights always manage to fix them.

4.30 P.M. Well, I'm done for to-day. Now I can play—and oh, boy, what fun I will have with my lion and new boats!

Ma is down town, and I just



know Granny will let me sail 'em in the bath tub. Well, here comes the ball in the car, and he is still sore. I don't care.

5.30 P.M. Dinner is getting ready.

We are going to have sausage cakes and hot chocolate and sweet potatoes and turkey gravy. Gee, isn't that swell? Well, anyway, when a feller's hungry and has some goodies to eat.

6.30 P.M. Feel better now. Got to go to bed early. To-morrow we are going to take some fishing scenes on a big boat.

7.30 P.M. Good-night, folks!

Bert Lytell's Diary

7.00 A.M. Alarm, but no excursion. I have found my new practice of setting the alarm clock for half an hour before I intend to get up a great idea.

7.30 A.M. Up and at it. A strenuous fifteen minutes of setting up exercises. Into my riding togs and out for a gallop.

8.30 A.M. Back from my ride. What a grand and glorious feeling to be free of the studio for the day.



10.00 A.M. To the tennis courts, and played six sets with Harry Meyers, trouncing him roundly.

12.00 A.M. To the gymnasium for a swim and rub-down.

1.00 P.M. Back to the studio. They say an actor entertains himself in his off-time by going to see other actors act, and I can't seem to get away from the tradition. Watched Viola Dana in "The Five Dollar Baby." Looks like a great picture. To the projection room, and saw some lively scenes from "Turn to the Right." Think Ingram is going to make another hit as big as "The Four Horsemen."

3.00 P.M. Motored over to Venice with Maxwell Karger, and so out in my boat for an afternoon of fishing.

8.00 P.M. Back to Los Angeles for dinner, and dance at the Ambassador.

12.00 P.M. Home, very weary.



A Page from Betty Compson's Diary

FRIDAY. It started off like a jinx day. Somebody called on the phone at the unearthly hour of 7 A.M. And they had the wrong number! I went back to bed, and overslept a nine o'clock call at the studio.

I hurried out on the set all ready to be scolded for being late. But the set wasn't ready. Chatted with Theodore Kosloff—he has been giving me dancing lessons. When we finally started shooting, my director didn't call a halt until 1.30. I was famished.

After luncheon, we shot the scenes in which I do the Apache dance with Theodore Kosloff. The people around the studio knew we had been practicing it for some time, and a crowd was on hand to watch the scene, among them Rudolph Valentino, who is an expert on dancing.

Mother and I had dinner together. Afterward some friends dropped in, and I took them in my car—guess where!—to the movies. The picture was "The Little Minister." It was the first time it had played here, and I naturally had a curiosity to see how I looked and how people liked the picture.

We had a bit to eat later, then I dropped our guests at their homes, and mother and I came on to ours.

STAR DIARIES



Alice Calhoun's Diary

7.00 A.M. Rose, took a shower, and ate breakfast at 7.45 A.M. Mother has a bad cold that worries me.

8.30 A.M. Left for the studio. Mother says it is only a cold in the head, and she will be all right in a day or so.

9.15 A.M. Arrived at the studio. I wonder why most picture-goers think a star has an easy life. I have to begin work every morning at this hour.

12.30 P.M. We all repaired to the projection room. Saw several hundred feet of film, and Mr. J— selected the shots he liked best.

1.30 P.M. Dined with Mr. J—. I had a baked potato and a glass of milk.

2.00 P.M. We returned to the set and worked till 5.

6.20 P.M. Reached home, and mother seems better.

7.00 P.M. Guests arrived, and we dined.

8.35 P.M. After dinner I played the piano and sang a little.

10.00 P.M. Altogether, I think this has been a hard day, and finally I excused myself and retired.

A Day With Richard Barthelmess

8.30 A.M. Up at 7.30 this morning. Gee, that bed did feel good! Life isn't much different now than college days. Up for an eight o'clock class then—up for an eight o'clock class now.



10.00 A.M. Going through my letters from the fans. Can't help but like their messages of felicitation. Human nature is pretty much the same everywhere, and words of praise from these folks make success seem something tremendously worth while.

12.30 P.M. Had an unusually profitable conference with Henry King, my director, over the forthcoming production.

2.00 P.M. Lunch out of the way. Dropped into the club and to the hotel, and had a conference with George Hobart. Now off for the golf links for a two-hour chase of the little white ball.

6.00 P.M. Mother is coming for dinner. She refuses to regard me as grown-up. I guess that's the way with all mothers, and we all have the best mother in the world.

11.30 P.M. I guess I'm like the boy who believes that the world is out of joint, in that I feel I have to go to bed when I'm not sleepy or tired and have to get up when I'm just beginning to realize that I did want to go to bed after all.

A Day from Pauline Frederick's Diary

SAW one of the prettiest sunrises since I have been in California. Saddled Big Dick before rest of family was out of bed. Almost got bucked off, as he hasn't been out of the corral for ten days, and was rarin' to go. Headed him for the canyon road, and he ran like a scared cat until we hit the old deer trail, and that being steep grade took most of the pep out of him.

After breakfast rode Baldy, and took Big Dick and Fuzz over to the blacksmith's for new shoes. Fuzz has been having trouble with his feet. Had luncheon at studio with the gang. Mr. Hayakawa had two distinguished visitors from Japan with him. Quite a large number of directors and writers present. Spent afternoon in projection room with Dev., Jimmie, Andy and Roy, cutting 900 feet out of the studio print of "Two Kinds of Women." At stu-



dio until seven reading yesterday and to-day's mail and autographing pictures.

Dined at home. No guests. Carved turkey myself. No damage except to turkey. Family played cards. Read all evening an assortment of stories, including a half-dozen originals, two stage plays, and a book, all of which had been suggested as good screen plays.

To-morrow's call, 7.30. Studio at 8. Will ride Baldy.



Lupino Lane is one of the four best pantomimists of England. Success after success came to him on the stage; and now he is out at the center of "movie civilization," and great things are expected from him.



This idol of Drury Lane and the London Hippodrome will be presented in two-reel comedies to be known as Lupino Lane Special Comedies.



Lupino Lane is well known in America, having been the principal comedian in Morris Gest's spectacular stage production, "Afgar," one of the big stage shows of last year, with Alsia Delysia, the French actress, as star.

For many years he has borne the crown of the king of English comedians and pantomimists.



He is an all-around athlete, and his daring acrobatic comedy is almost unbelievable.



The first of Lupino Lane's pictures is entitled "The Broker" and is for early release.



It is expected by those who know his work that he bids fair to cause Chaplin much uneasiness.

Lupino Lane

Pages 33-36 missing from source material.



Sketch made from life, of Miss Dupont, by Norman Anthony, at the Ritz Hotel, during her stay in New York. Miss Dupont played opposite Eric Von Stroheim in "Foolish Wives," Universal's million-dollar production.

Music Hath Charms

FILM FUN readers in our last issue were invited to compete in a contest to supply a musical setting to a strip of film cut at random from various stories.

Those competing will understand what a difficult task confronts those who provide the incidental music to moving pictures.

Dr. Hugo Riesenfeld has been doing this enormous work for the past six years for the three biggest moving picture houses in New York City.

Whenever there has been a difficult job, there has always arisen a man big enough to fill it. Perhaps the hardest part of it all is to know that the job is hard.

To feel what might be and to visualize the harvest possible with only the barren fields in sight.

OF all the jobs that Hugo Riesenfeld has acquired or had thrust upon him in the past six years, only one has given him trouble that is unending and pleasure that is without limit. That particular task is preparing music settings to screen comedies.

Reputation, plaudits of the public and praise from the critics have come for his contributions to music, his "Overture in Romantic Style," played by the New York Philharmonic Society orchestra, and his "Symphonic Epos," played by the Los Angeles Symphony orchestra. His musical comedy, "Betty, Be Good," was pronounced an excellent piece of light opera composition; his scores for great pictures like "Deception," "Peter Ibbetson" and "The Golem" were called original creations that deserved to be ranked with the best efforts of modern American musicians; and most recently his film operas, with the music from the original scores matched into the scenes of re-edited pictures, like "La Tosca," "Carmen" and "Sapho," have been hailed as the first steps to a full realization of original pictorial operas.

But all that is trivial compared to the joy the young managing director of the Rivoli, Rialto and Criterion Theaters—three of the five big motion picture-music houses on Broadway—finds in a good comedy well presented, with a score that accentuates the humor.

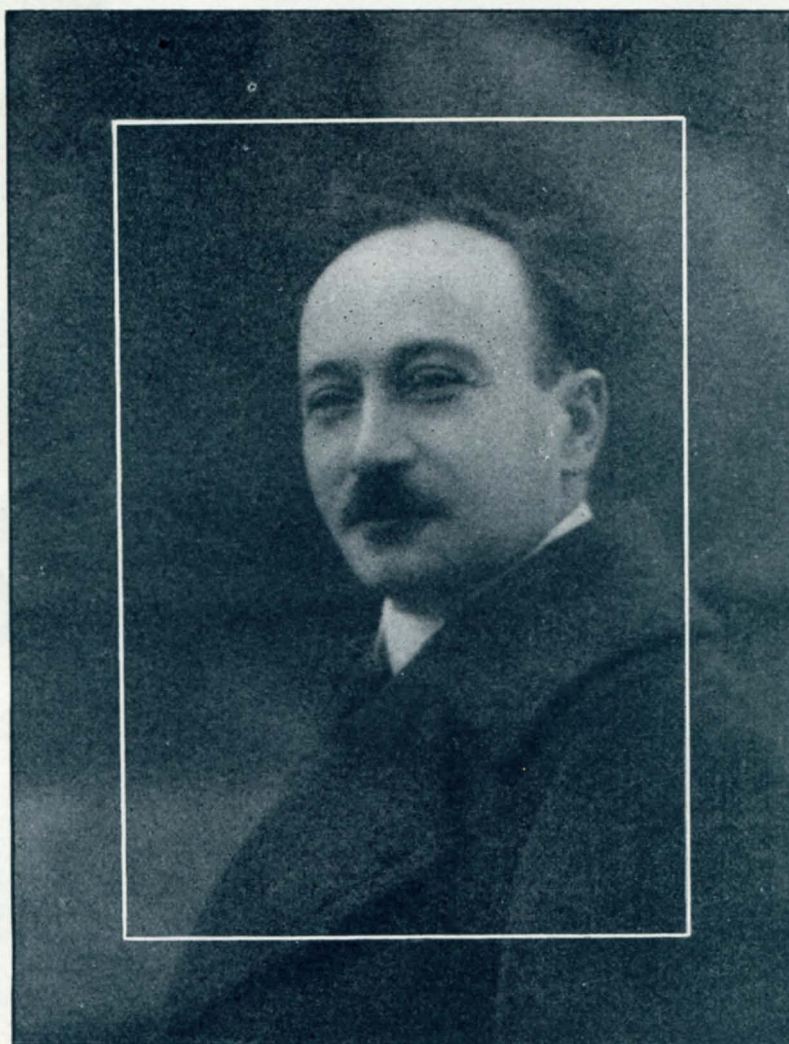
"The secret of successful comedy music lies mainly in surprise, either through twisting a familiar melody

about or in having an instrument like the sliding trombone or the bassoon clown unexpectedly," said Mr. Riesenfeld. "Sometimes it is done by an incongruous association of ideas, sometimes by contrasts, but in the majority of cases by using melodies with which the audiences are familiar. In fact, if the audience wants to hear its favorite melodies it must listen to the settings to comedies for that is where they are used most.

"The easiest comedy to which to set music is the travesty on an opera. Chaplin's 'Carmen' burlesque is a comparatively simple picture to score.

contrasts, playing a serious theme like 'Hearts and Flowers' to a mock serious scene on the screen. But there are times when special effects must be created—such as those which were used with the Sidney Drew comedy in which the actor suffered from a cold. We devised an influenza theme and met with such success that we had requests from the managers in all parts of the country for the score. In fact, later the score was shipped right with the film. In this particular case the musical instruments were the comedians.

"The best music settings, to my



Dr. Hugo Riesenfeld, upon the beat of whose magic baton New York City moves and has its syncopated being.

The story and the music are so well known that, with a little ingenuity in transposition of instrumentation or changes in tempo, the familiar operatic score takes on comedy values where before they were serious. The 'Habanera' can be turned into a fox trot and the 'Toreador March' can be switched into the most ludicrous channels. When, as in Chaplin's 'Carmen,' the burlesque is based upon an opera, the music setting cannot be otherwise than a travesty on the original score.

"But in other comedies the problems are not quite so simple. The musician must create his own music frame and must use the compositions at hand or devise new melodies or effects. If the picture is one in which the association of ideas can be used—as, for instance, having the orchestra play 'How Dry I Am' when the screen shows a burlesque bar at which buttermilk is served—the results are usually successful. At other times it is possible to use

mind," continued Mr. Riesenfeld, "are those in which the orchestral effects reach the sense of humor of the audience. This class of scoring usually demands original writing, of course. It is here that surprise plays a great part. Strauss' 'Till Eulenspiegel' is a brilliant orchestral example of the sudden incongruous sound superimposed upon rich harmonies. It isn't so much a matter of being off pitch as of different orchestral coloring that gives a peculiar sense of risibility to such compositions. By suddenly injecting a phrase on the bassoon, by having the piccolo unexpectedly break out with a sprightly scramble of notes or by having the saxophone bray in the middle of a languid harmony, gives the surprise twist and the ridiculous sound which are highly effective for comedy settings. The bassoon has been the clown of the orchestra for about two hundred and fifty years and the saxophone is gradually coming into vogue as a merry-maker.

"The most interesting experiments have been those, however, in which the simplest music was used. Recently we showed a picture of a married couple with their sixteen children. We might have used 'Climbing Up the Golden Stairs' or 'Everybody Works But Father,' thus playing upon the association of ideas, but instead we played the scale and before we had covered one octave the theater was in an uproar.

"Let me tell you a secret," added the genial musician. "Sometimes we have our joke at the expense of the audience. We soothe them during some of the slap-stick comedies so they won't get dizzy watching the players shoot around on the screen. They could hardly stand the swift action unless we slowed up their pulses—if we played in the same fast tempo as the picture the audience could hardly keep its seat."

From the Ark

WALLACE BEERY plays the part of a monkey-man in "A Blind Bargain," a Goldwyn picture. His make-up is such that he is unrecognizable. Apropos of which, the following conversation took place on the set.

Jacqueline Logan: I can't tell whether that is Wallace Beery or Noah.

Julien Josephson: It must be Noah because he looks as if he came from the Ark, and he's not beery.

Overpaid at That?

WHEN Lon Chaney was eleven years old he began his theatrical career by hiring out as a stage hand, in spite of protests from his family, at a theater in his home town, Colorado Springs. He was paid twenty-five cents a night. Lon says he gets more money now but it doesn't seem so much.

This little Star
went to market



This little Star
stayed at home



This little Star
got roastbeef



This little Star
got none



This little Star cried,
"Oui, Oui, Oui!"

Nursery Reels

F I L M F L A W S



This Department is for FILM FUN'S READERS. Haven't you seen some darn fool mistakes in the movies lately for which some Director, Author or Actor ought to be shot at sunrise? Shoot it in and it will be printed on this page to help rid the screen of FILM FLAWS

This Month's Prize Film Flaw

CONNECTED WITH ROYALTY!

IN "THE QUEEN OF SHEBA" I WAS VERY MUCH INTERESTED IN THE GREAT CHARIOT RACE, THE QUEEN AND EVERYTHING. I WAS JUST WONDERING HOW I COULD MEET THE QUEEN WHEN SUDDENLY I SPIED TELEPHONE POLES IN THE BACKGROUND BY THE CASTLE! HAVE BEEN UNABLE TO FIND HER TELEPHONE NUMBER THOUGH!—GLENN WRIGHT, 304 LUMBERMAN'S BANK BLDG., HOUSTON, TEX.

FILM FUN awards five dollars, each month, for the best Film Flaw.

Tracking Down the Film Flaws!

SINCE horses, during the French Revolution, were unaccustomed to trolley tracks and Kelly-Springfield tire treads, I should think Danton's steed would have shied at the ones he saw while on the way to rescue Miss Gish from the guillotine in "Orphans of the Storm."—Hebard Paine, Harvard University.

The Missing Link?

In "Drag Harlan," Drag notices the watch chain John has on is broken and tied with a piece of black shoe string. He jerks the knot loose letting the chain fall apart but in the rest of the scene the chain is still tied with the black string!—Mrs. T. T. Pyle, Eufaula, Okla.

A Shooting Sword

In "The Three Musketeers," D'Artagnan reaches the port of Calais on the way to England, jumps into the boat and shouts, "Make haste for England! If you refuse I'll blow your brains out!" At the same time he brandishes a sword.—Walter Flood, New York City.

Maybe He Lost His Pocketbook!

Lionel Barrymore in "Boomerang Bill," is seen in restaurant with suitcase, ready to go to Chicago. After meeting Annie, he decides to stay in New York. He goes home and the following sub-title mentions that he pays his rent after visiting a pawnshop. If he had sufficient funds to get to Chicago why did he have to visit a pawnshop?—Leland Robert, Allentown, Pa.

The Plans "Oft Gang Agley"

In "Her Social Value," Katherine MacDonald struggles with the villain in his office, for possession of some valuable papers. After shoving the villain downstairs, she drops the papers on the floor in her excitement. She leaves town and when she arrives out West she has the papers clutched in one hand! How come?—Mildred Guiles, Greeley, Colo.

Her Family Tree

In "Big Town Ideas," Eileen Percy climbs a young sapling, bends it down with her weight and enters a second-story window. She gets the "papers," and a few minutes later comes out the window and the sapling is waiting for her, still bent over! She jumps in the tree, it springs back to normal, and after she leaves it it stays straight!—R. L. Nunnally, Tazewell, Va.

A Nom-de-plume!

In Charlie Chaplin's "Idle Class," the "absent-minded husband" is seen in the hallway, in full armor, fighting with his father-in-law with a plumeless helmet but in the next scene he enters the living-room and a great mass of plumes are flowing from his skypiece!—Ruth Bonatz, 86 Sampson St., Houston, Tex.

A Film Flaw with a Flaw!

In "Film Flaws," the first one cites an instance in "Where lights are low," with Sessue Hayakawa, as a Film Flaw, which was absolutely apparent. The scene in the telephone booth was necessary for the twist in the picture and was very cleverly handled. I can't understand how the reader who sent in the correction ever missed it, unless the film was damaged when shown. Perhaps he lacked imagination!—Wilbur Needham, Hinsdale, Ill.

Oh, Mamma!

In "Over the Hill," Johnny carries his mother from the poorhouse to a waiting surrey, and we see she has no hat or wrap on. When they arrive at the old home and she enters the door she is wearing a bonnet and a small wrap.—Miss M. Lynch, Nyack, N. Y.

Still More Shrieks from "The Sheik"

In "The Sheik," Rudolph Valentino presents Agnes Ayres with a very beautiful American beauty rose, freshly cut. Where did he get it? Do they grow on the desert?—M. Carstens, Grand Rapids, Mich.

A Quick Cure

In "Gleam o' Dawn," father is shown ascending the stairs all crippled up with rheumatism and he has to cling to the railing. Later he hustles out of the house and walks away as spry as a chicken!—Mrs. Patterson Miller, Russellville, Tenn.

The Hat Trick

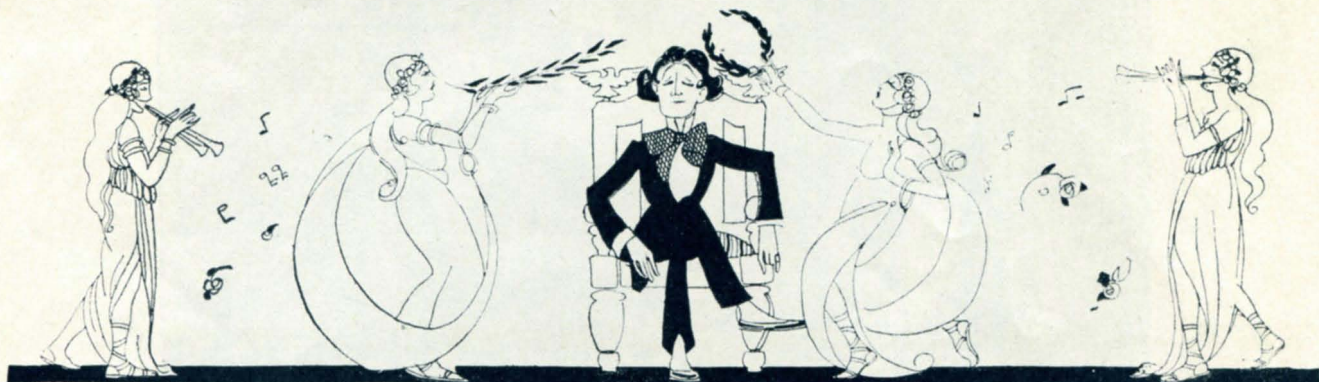
In "Get-Rick-Quick Wallingford," the waitress opens the door to the dining-room, and before any of the guests have arrived we noticed a few hats on the hat rack. Who put them there and whose hats were they?—Leonard Newstead, Reno, Nev.

The Walking Doll

In "A Prince There Was," the little girl in the boarding house leaves a doll under the steps and climbs the stairs, her arms empty, to the room of Katherine Woods. And yet when she is seen in the room, she is holding the doll in her arms!—W. E. Wright, Asheville, N. C.

Our Film Flaw Department is becoming so popular that we are unable to print all of them through lack of space. Oftentimes several Film Flaws are sent in that cover the same mistake, so we try to select the best one. We also receive a great number which do not come under that head and in some cases, as in "A Film Flaw with a Flaw," the reader has been mistaken. So, look before you leap and shoot it in early!

I N F I L M A T I O N



Infilmation means "Information regarding the Films," and FILM FUN will try to answer any questions our readers may send in. Sign your initials only. Send questions to FILM FUN's Infilmation Bureau, 627 West 43d Street, New York City.

SLIM—I can't write the way you and K. C. B. can, Slim, but anyhow and how-the-soever I'll try and answer your question. Won't you send me your photograph, Slim? I'd like to see what the author of that letter looks like. Theda has retired for the present, so that's that. Give my regards to Bedford Ave., and write me again soon!

RAY B.—See answer to Andrew. **THELMA**—Your answers listed above. **LELAND ROBERT**—See List of Studios in *Photoplay Magazine*. **DOLLIE D.**—Answered above. Yes, that was Ralph Graves. **APEXO**—The man who played the part of God isn't included in cast. **L. E. E.**—Dorothy Dalton, Famous Players, listed above. **M. H.**—Gloria Swanson was covered last issue. **BIRDIE**—Yes, yes! **R. L.**—318 East 48th St., New York. Yes, she's married. **JACK WOODARD**—Wanda Hawley, Realart Studio, Hollywood. **JOHN**—Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

OOCUCK—Sure enjoyed your letter, Mr. Oocuck. Gee, where did you get that name? The first moving picture was invented about twenty years ago. The first one was made of a horse race. They placed about fifty cameras along the track, each one had a string running over to the fence and as the horse went by it clicked the shutter. They developed all the plates, put them together, and Presto! A movie! Glad you like FILM FUN. We're trying to make it better all the time. You can reach Gloria Swanson through the Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Cal. Come again. We like letters like yours.

ANN, THE SERIAL FAN—I suppose I ought to answer this in rhyme, Annie, but it can't be done! Yes, Eileen and Josie Sedgwick are sisters. Couldn't tell you what has become of Thelma Percy. Her last picture was "The Star Rover." Peggy O'Dare is still in serials. We don't think "Hutch" is married but we're not sure. **Eddie Polo**, 6629 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. **Ben Hagerty**, Selig Co., 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal. **Gordon Griffith**, First National, 6 West 48th St., New York. **Elmo Lincoln**, 2719 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. **Art Acord**, Universal City, Cal. Don't know about Louise Lorraine.

S. E. COLE—Marshall Neilan, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood. **Thos. Ince**, Culver City, Cal. **Gladys Walton**, 456 S. Western Ave., Los Angeles. **Ethel Clayton**, Lasky Studios, Hollywood. **Constance Talmadge**, see above.

RUDOLPH VALENTINO FANS!—For the benefit of the dear things who are just all agog over Ruddy we present a brief résumé of his life. Born in Castellaneta, Italy, on the stage for three years, in vaudeville with Bonnie Glass, and Joan Sawyer. Height, 5 ft., 11 inches; weight, 154 lbs.; black hair; dark brown eyes. Address, 7139 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal.

ANDREW—Your letter is a hard one to answer, Andrew. The only way to go about it, if you really want to get in the movies, is to take the first train for Hollywood and go the rounds. All of the companies are looking for new material, but there is no special one to apply to.

M. T.—I really couldn't tell you who Joe Ryan married, M. T., nor the color of his hair and eyes. Write him care of Vitagraph, 469 Fifth Ave., and maybe he'll tell you. We have no Collette Ryan listed. Maybe we'll do better next time, M. T. Come again.

OLGA—Can't answer all of them, Olga. **Charles Bryant**, 35; **T. Roy Barnes**, 37; **Jim Kirkwood**, about 40; **Herbert Rawlinson**, 36; **Louise Lovely**, 25. Have no record of Edna Shipman playing in Red Cross Film and don't know how many times she has been married. **William Faversham** played in the "Squaw-man." **William S. Hart** was in the original company, too. No, it hasn't been filmed as yet.

S. S. B. AND B. K. H.—Wally Reid, Rudolph Valentino, Famous Players, address above. **Eugene O'Brien**, Players Club, New York. **Tom Mix**, 5841 Carlton Way, Hollywood. **Jack Holt**, Lasky Studios, address above. **Frank Mayo**, 7018 Franklyn Ave., Los Angeles. **Jack Pickford**, United Artists, Los Angeles. Same for **Charles Ray**. **Dick Barthelmess**, Lambs Club, New York. **Harrison Ford**, Lambs Club.

H. S. S.—I don't blame you, H. S. S. When that happens you ought to speak to the manager about it. He's likely to know. Cast for "Tol'able David": **David Kinemon**, **Dick Barthelmess**; **Esther Hatburn**, **Gladys Hulette**; **Luke Hatburn**, **Ernest Torrence**; **Grandpa Hatburn**, **Forrest Robinson**; **David's father**, **Edmund Gurney**; **David's brother**, **Warner Richmond**; **David's mother**, **Marion Abbott**. You might reach Gladys Hulette through First National, address above. She appeared in "The Silent Barrier" and "The Brass Bowl." Yes, I think she would send you a picture. Don't know her age. **Wally Reid** is about thirty-six. Address him, Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Cal.

SID G.—Glad you're "Somewhere in New York," Sid. Guess we're neighbors! No, I don't think Bebe Daniels is married. Yes, she has auburn hair and blue eyes. **Pearl White's** hair is auburn. We haven't seen anything of **Lillian Walker** in a long time either. I think she was on the stage for awhile. We don't know **Wanda Hawley** by any other name except the one she wears. What's the difference, anyway?

NAVY NURSE—That's right, you've got to start some time! Yes, **Kenneth Harlan** is married. You can reach him at the Talmadge Studios, 318 East 48th St., New York. **Eugene O'Brien**, Players Club, New York. **Conway Tearle**, Friars' Club, New York. Yes, I think **Constance** would send you her photograph.

ELIZABETH—**Dick Barthelmess** is twenty-six years old, weighs 135 lbs., has dark hair and brown eyes. He is married to **Mary Hay** and you can reach him at the Lambs Club, New York.

ELSA M.—No, I don't mind a bit, Elsa. Here goes. **Billie Burke**, Famous Players, 485 Fifth Ave., New York. **June Elvidge**, Bayside, Long Island. **Earl Metcalfe**, Lambs Club, New York.

CAL.—Don't blame you, Cal. **Agnes Ayres** has our admiration, too! Her address is Famous Players, address above. She was born in Chicago and I don't think she is married, as yet. Glad you like FILM FUN.



"I love you more than tongue can tell," lisped Mary.

Horse Sense

Fictionized by GEORGE MITCHELL

"I LOVE you more than tongue can tell," lisped pretty little Mary as she stood in the moonlight, her blue eyes wide with girlish innocence.

"And I love you just as much," poetically responded John, one hand over his heart and the other twisting his coat into knots with all the nervousness of the bashful young man, who under the distressing handicap of a thumping heart and a lumping throat, tries to tell his love for the first time.

And all would have gone well with Mary and John if it weren't for the well-established tradition that "the course of true love never did run smooth," for at the very moment when the rosy path of love stretched sunnily before them, Mary's father and mother thought it time to interfere and in less time than you'd think possible, Mary's trunk was packed and her passage booked for France.

Well, you may be quite certain that Mary mingled bitter tears with all the pretty things she put into her trunk but which she had hoped to be married in, and you may be just as certain that she begged and begged her parents to relent. But parents have ever been stubborn and known to turn deaf ears to the pleadings of true lovers. So, on the very morning the good ship was scheduled to sail, Mary was driven from her little house in New Jersey to the wharf and practically dragged aboard the hateful ship that was to carry her far, far from her true love.

But—

John was not to be reckoned with as easily as that.

No, not he, for had not John sworn by all the most beautiful swears that lovers have sworn from countless ages past when men did and died for ladies fair?

Yes, indeed. John was every inch a lover though he wasn't a romantic-looking one and when he learned that his Mary was to be transported to France, he set at once to plan a way to follow her, for he meant to get her if he had to build a ship to do it.

Now, Mary's father was no fool. It was quite probable that he had had, in his own day, something to do with love and its difficulties. "Who knows but he may once

have been in love himself," thought Mary, "though by his attitude towards me I don't believe it."

"I don't see how he ever could have married mother," she murmured.

However, Mary's father suspected that John would do just what John planned to do, so taking the captain of the good ship into his confidence and pay, he instructed him to see to it that Mary reach her destination without interference from John.

But "Love laughs at locksmiths," is another old tradition that must be reckoned with, for if love can laugh at locksmiths it can at least enjoy a chuckle at ships and their captains. At any rate, John made his way to the wharf and with Mary's ready and valuable help managed to slip aboard and stow himself snugly away.

Now John didn't know a binnacle from fo'castle. That is, he didn't know any more about a ship than the usual landlubber, and it so happened that he stowed himself away in the busiest part of the ship—right down in the engine room and the first thing you know he was set to work with a shovel in his hand stoking as hard as ever he could stoke.

And when the captain came down and saw him, he gloated as gloatingly as he could gloat.

"I'll starve him out," he hissed.

But Mary's love was equal to the test for she smuggled food to John and fed him with her own little hands.

Then John discovered that old adage, "Love will find a way," and with Mary's help he mutinied; overthrew the captain at the point of his shovel and from that on the balance of the voyage was made under the guiding if inexperienced hand of love.

* * *

And Mary and John were married when they reached France and the very first thing John did was to send a cablegram to Mary's father which read as follows:

"Dear Pop: We are coming home on the same boat.

"Your loving son,
"John."



Joel drew Emily away in the ensuing confusion.

The Barnstormer

Fictionized by GEORGE MITCHELL

"GEE, it's easy to be an actor," said Joel Matthews to himself, "'specially if you're just born to it."

Joel was a big, healthy boy, the son of a wealthy farmer, and if it weren't for this unfortunate longing to go on the stage, he might have been of some use to his father. But Joel spent most of his time rehearsing the important rôles in the history of the stage and his family merely shook their heads and hoped he'd pull through this illness as he had the measles.

"I'll be an actor yet," thought Joel and striking the attitude he had so often seen assumed by Booth as "Hamlet," he beetled his brows and declaimed: "To be or not to be, *that* is the question."

The balance of the famous soliloquy, however, remained unuttered for Joel at that moment saw the street parade of the Gwendolin St. Clair players who had come to town and, after a trying interview with the manager-husband of the star, returned with a contract to play thinking parts much to the sorrow of his weeping mother but to the joy of his father who believed that perhaps Joel might at length "get what was coming to him."

But Joel soon found, as so many others have, that the life of the stage is no bed of roses. He also found that the parts he had to play demanded no more histrionic ability of him than the rustling of trunks, the passing of handbills, playing the piano, and when there was a small enough part to be

quite invisible behind an inglorious make-up, to act.

"The thing that hurts the worst," said Joel to himself as he rubbed his aching joints, "is we never stay long enough in one place to sleep in a bed and the floor of a baggage car is not what the hoboese lead you to believe."

However, Joel's luck was due for a change and it came when the company arrived at a week-stand and Joel was promised a part with a line to speak.

"At last, at last," cried Joel melodramatically throwing his arms aloft as Monte Cristo: "The World is Mine."

There was in the company, an actor, none other than the leading man, who was the very ideal of all that Joel thought a star should be, and, quite naturally, Joel strutted in his footsteps, reflecting as ably as his limited ability permitted, the glory of this, his idol.

And it so happened that in the little town into which the company now found itself, there was the village drugstore and, more important still for Joel, the druggist's pretty daughter, Emily.

Now, Joel wasn't so much in need of a glass of sodawater as he was of meeting the delightful Emily. But twenty cents isn't much to spend on an introduction to anything half as charming as Emily. The investment bore fruit a hundredfold, for Joel was introduced to Emily's father and made so favorable an impression on him that before the twenty cents was ex-

hausted an invitation to dinner was offered and accepted.

Joel said that he never remembered enjoying himself so much in all his life. It was the first home meal he had eaten since he had gone on the stage and this, in addition to the happiness Emily shed, lured Joel into forgetting the importance of his part at the theater.

A full house so excited the little company that almost everything went wrong that night. The leading lady was over-temperamental; the comedian was tragic; the tragedian comic and Joel, conscious only of Emily's presence, strutted onto the stage and shouted her name instead of the only line he had to utter and which had cost him a week to learn.

The audience tittered . . . then laughed at his embarrassment . . . then broke into delighted approval. Never had they so enjoyed themselves. The house rocked with merriment. . .

"Hands up!"

The cry came from the entrance door of the auditorium as, from the rear of the house, stalked the masked figure of a man covering the audience with a gun.

The house roared with laughter. This was an unlooked-for innovation—a novelty that was completely surprising.

The laughter rose in volume as the masked figure strode down the aisle, up onto the stage, and with Joel pressed into service, made his way

(Continued on page 58)



Inez was a tomboyish American flapper with a dash of Spanish paprika in her blood and few people understood her.

A Game Chicken

Fictionized by RUSSELL HOLMAN

(From the Realart photoplay, based on the story by Nina Wilcox Putnam. Copyright, 1922, by Realart Pictures Corporation. All rights reserved.)

EVEN thirsty millionaires, who could afford to seaplane to Cuba and spend a whole month and a trunk-full of coin, envied Josh Hastings. Josh could get all he wanted to drink; he was in the wholesale bootlegging business, with headquarters in his home on the outskirts of Havana.

Hastings had come to the Cuban capital from New England some twenty years previous and married a Spanish senorita of good family. Since that time Senora Hastings had developed a temper. Josh had developed a grouch, and their daughter, Inez, had developed into a pretty girl of eighteen.

Inez was a tomboyish American flapper, with a dash of Spanish paprika in her blood, and few people understood her. Least of all her family and tall, swarthy Jose Maria Lavendara, her father's partner in the rum-running business. Yet sardonic Jose wanted to marry her. This amused Inez, but her Spanish mother took his proposal very seriously, since his folks were among the top-notchers in Cuban society.

Inez preferred the neighbor's mischievous fifteen-year-old boy, who had no standing whatever in any society.

"There's a cock-fight going to be pulled off down the street to-night, Inez. Like to come?" the boy whispered to her one night.

"You bet," said Inez, "and I'll bring my fighting rooster, Ferdinand, along, too."

Knowing she was going to venture into a tough crowd, Inez borrowed some boy's clothing from her companion and dolled herself up like a tough.

The fight was a big success, fiery little Ferdinand won the brown derby; but Inez spoiled it all by getting into a quarrel with one of the other rooster-owners, a burly mulatto. Things were going bad for her, and her small companion was of little help, when suddenly out of the darkness popped a good-looking young American, with two able fists moving like a windmill.

Having rescued Inez and escorted her home, the American revealed himself as Rush Thompson, "in Havana on business." He neglected to tell her that this "business" was rounding up her father's bootlegging gang that had been running liquor into the United States, and that he was a secret service agent.

Within a week things were in a pretty mess. Inez and Rush were in love; and Jose Lavendara, his Castilian blood aflame with jealousy, was threatening to do all sorts of dire things to the young American. Inez's mother was allied with Jose, and her father, thinking to clear up the row and get a minute's peace, decided to send the girl out of the country. To Stony Point, Massachusetts, to be exact, which was the town where the Hastings originated, and where Josh's cousin, Hiram Proudfoot, still lived.

Black-eyed Inez, with her Spanish clothes and flapperish ways, created quite a stir in the little seacoast town of Stony Point when she dropped off the 7.04.

Inez soon discovered that old Hiram Proudfoot was some pumpkins in the village—a sort of local Anthony Comstock—president of the Purity League, and everything. Also rich. Also, though Inez didn't know it, a darned old hypocrite and American agent for Hastings' rum-smuggling business.

Living with the Proudfoots gave Inez a social standing, and she soon became the leading light in the younger set at the Stony Point Country Club. The young men were all crazy about her. In one evening she received seven proposals on the veranda of the club, and refused them all.

That was the night Rush Thompson and Jose Lavendara unexpectedly showed up in Stony Point. Jose really came off the booze ship that was lying off the coast ready to land its alcoholic cargo assigned to Proudfoot, and he was not at all glad to see Rush there. But he did a rather

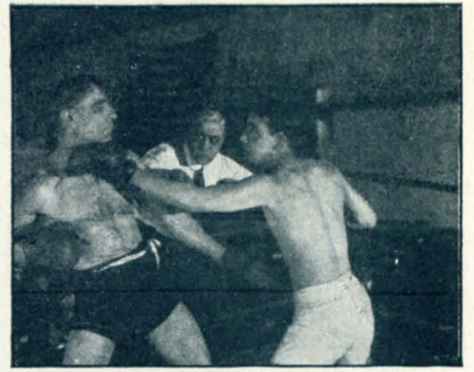
(Concluded on page 65)



"Vee" thought the pug who faked a rescue was a hero, and it was up to "Torchy" to show him up.

"Battling Torchy" Educational-Torchy Comedy

Featuring
Johnny Hines



At the last minute the "masked marvel" was injured, and "Torchy" had to fight the big fellow himself.



The "masked marvel" had a job as "bouncer" in a little cafe in the toughest of tough neighborhoods.

"Torchy" arranged with the pride of the East Side to fight the bully as the "masked marvel."



The neighborhood was so tough that the babies played with revolvers.



Larry makes a clean sweep with the chorus.

Larry Semon *in* **"The Show"**



Larry joins the "Merry Merry" and enters the ballet.



Playing second fiddle to a johnny seems more necessary than enjoyable.

Larry comes in for a hand of applause.



Larry follows the bandits atop a twentieth century express.



Michael Bohnen, a well-known European actor, plays opposite Miss May in this four-part thriller.

Mia May
in
"The Mistress of the World"



In China she is held captive by the King of beggars, but escapes.



The locations in "The Mistress of the World," vary from Sweden to darkest Africa.



Dorothy tries to get past the cop at the fight but doesn't get away with it.

Dorothy Devore
in
"One Stormy Knight"



Here's where the storm brews and the home brews!



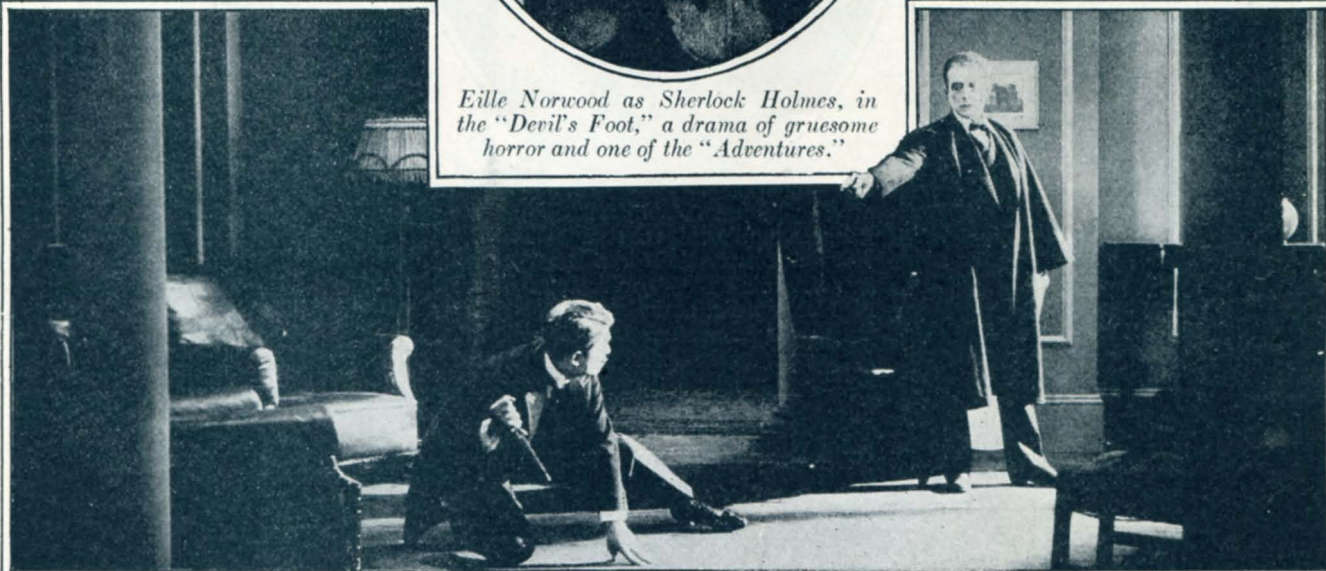
Billy passes a bad knight and discovers there's something in it!



Mystery, adventure and the gasps of excitement succeed each other in rapid profusion. The villain is here seen to secrete the papers.

Sherlock Holmes, the intrepid sleuth whose automatic plays the leading rôle in these gripping scenes of crime.

Eille Norwood as Sherlock Holmes, in the "Devil's Foot," a drama of gruesome horror and one of the "Adventures."



(Above) A scene from the "Beryl Coronet." The Beryl Coronet, an heirloom of priceless value, entrusted to a private banker for the nobility, is mysteriously stolen. Holmes, in his usual faultless manner, runs down the criminals.

(Below) Two scenes from the "Devil's Foot."



"The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes"



Norma Talmadge and Wyndham Standing

ON a beautiful moonlight night many years ago, John Carteret and his sweetheart, Moonyeen, were to be married. The guests were assembled, the garden presented a picture of gaiety and happiness. As the wed-



Norma Talmadge and Wyndham Standing

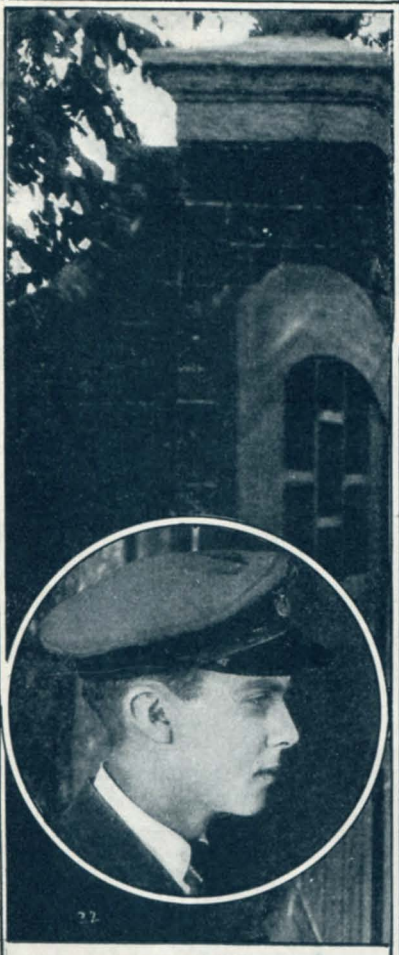
ding procession entered from the house, a man's voice shouted: "STOP." Everyone turned in amazement and saw Jeremiah Wayne, a rejected suitor of Moonyeen's, standing in the gateway with a revolver leveled at John. Moonyeen rushed forward to protect John and received the bullet meant for him. Wayne staggered when he saw what he had done, then darted through the gate and escaped. John

and the guests rushed to Moonyeen, and as John saw that she was dying he ordered the minister to perform the ceremony. She breathed her last, leaving a husband whose life was one of hatred for a Wayne.

(Below) Norma Talmadge and Alec Francis



Norma Talmadge as Kathleen



Glen Hunter as Willie Ainsley

Norma Talmadge in "Smilin' Through"

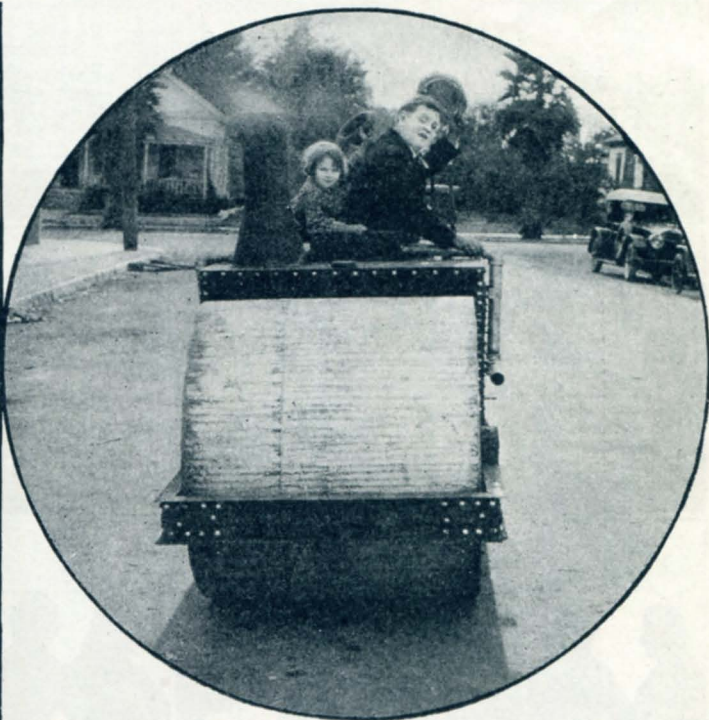


'Twas Ever Thus

Lloyd Hamilton in "Rolling Stones"



"Ham" and his pal (little Bobby DeVilbiss) stick up for their only friend (Irene Dalton).



With the help of a high wind and a steam roller "Ham" makes the hat business a very brisk one.



"Ham" and his pal get something to eat even if they have only a nickel between them.



There's nothing worse than to stand in front of a restaurant window with no money in your pocket. Ask "Ham," he knows.

Mary Johnson in "A Gay Knight"



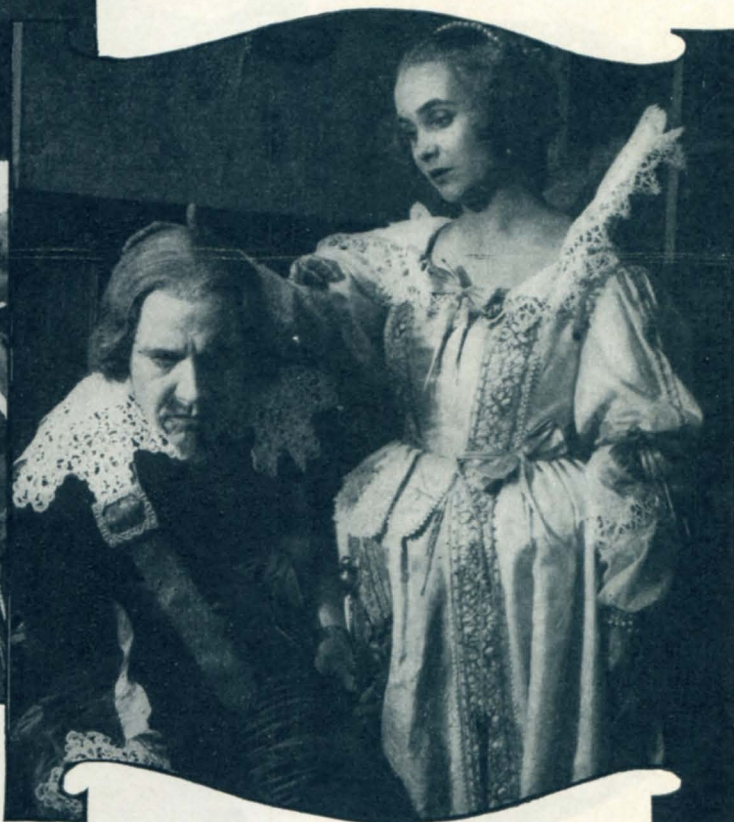
A pretty little love scene between Mary Johnson and Gosta Eckman.



Gosta Eckman, the matinee idol of Sweden, Wally Reid and Valentino combined.



Mary Johnson and Axel Ringvall, one of Sweden's best character actors.

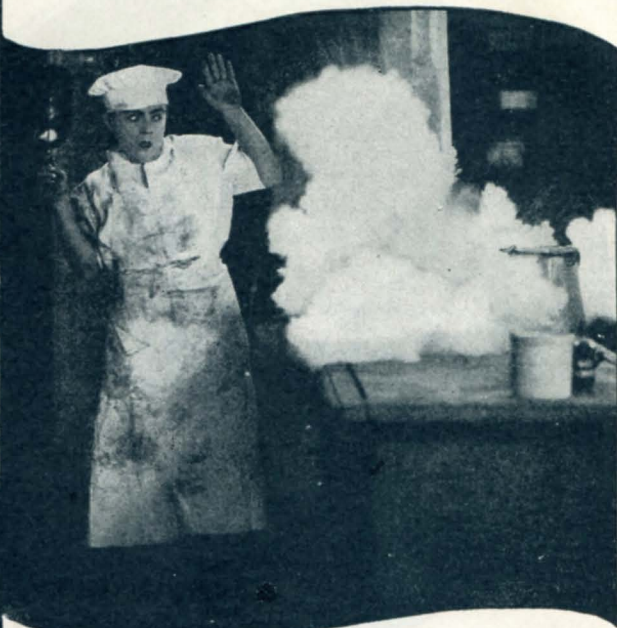


Mary Johnson makes a bewitching heroine in this amusing little play of the 17th Century.

"Bobby Vernon in "Hokus Pokus"



Sherman, The Great Magician, arrives in town and shows his stuff to Lem (Bobby Vernon).



Lem tries some magic on the hotel stove.

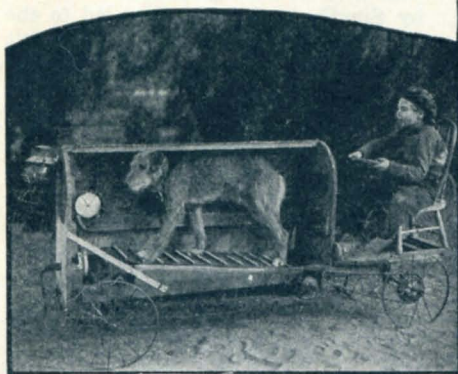


Lem holds Susie up for a kiss.



Lem recovers the stolen jewels and becomes the town hero, by gosh!

Doreen Turner and Coy Watson, Jr., in "School Day Love"



Coy Watson, Jr., and his one dog power auto.

Educational pictures are opening a new field in the movies for the kiddies and the grown-ups are just as pleased as the young 'uns.



Baby Peggy in "Circus Clowns"

Baby Peggy has dinner with Murrer and Brownie, the Wonder Dog.



Fatty tries to ride the donkey but he won't stand for it.



Doreen, playing Indian, is tied to a chair and caught in a fire, but is rescued by her pets.

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Photo Storiottes

Boy Crazy

An R.-C. Picture

Directed by William A. Seiter

The Cast

Jackie Cameron.....Doris May
Mr. Cameron.....Fred Gambold (her father)
Mrs. Cameron.....Jean Hathaway (her mother)
Tom Winton.....Frank Kingsley
J. Smythe.....Harry Myers
Mr. Skinner.....Otto Hoffman
Evelina Skinner.....Gertrude Short
Mrs. Winton.....Eugena Tuttle
The Kidnappers

Ed Brady and James Farley



Doris May and Harry Meyers

The Story

"JACKIE" CAMERON has won for herself in the town of Santa Boobara the reputation of being "that boy-crazy Cameron girl." Jackie has a pretty level head, however, and she induces her father to let her take over his store which is getting run-down and a trifle seedy and convert it into an up-to-date gents' haberdashery. Jackie has competition in a classy "Emporium" run by one J. Smythe, a classy individual who blew in from New York and who has it all over the small town boys for looks and speed.

Crooks enter the peaceful atmosphere of Santa Boobara, after the money of Old Man Skinner, richest man in town and also father of the homeliest girl, Evelina. By mistake the crooks kidnap Jackie, thinking she is Evelina, holding her for a ten-thousand-dollar ransom.

Gallant J. Smythe speeds to the rescue in his red roadster. Meanwhile the crooks, discovering their mistake, leave Jackie bound in a deserted log

cabin and steal the ten thousand from Skinner's safe. They are overtaken by Smythe and Jackie and led to the sheriff's office where Jackie comes out victorious by claiming the two-thousand-dollar reward which Smythe has offered for the return of the ten thousand.



Thomas Meighan in "If You Believe It, It's So"

(Paramount)

The Cast

Chick Harris.....Thomas Meighan
Alva Morley.....Pauline Starke
Sky Blue.....Theodore Roberts

The Story

CHICK HARRIS, a city crook, goes out into the country, resolved to forget the past and live straight. He falls in love with a pretty country girl, Alva Morley. But he is unable to shake off some of his old pals of the underworld, notably Sky Blue, a veteran confidence man. In addition, he discovers a clever crooked element in the country village.



Thomas Meighan and Pauline Starke

How Chick redeems himself, cuts loose forever from his past, and, after renouncing Alva on account of his former deeds, proves himself worthy of her love, is told in a story that is lightened throughout by the unctuous comedy of Theodore Roberts and others.



*William Allen White,
sketched at the Penguin
Club, Washington, D. C.,
by Robert James Malone.*

A few things

William Allen White has said on Judge's Editorial Page during the past few weeks:

On Prohibition, he writes:

"The saloon, the plain drunk, the drunk with trimmings and the periodical with its attendant pale pink zebras and spotted monkeys and gala snakes used to be the only surcease man had. It was an expensive surcease! Naturally, it grew wasteful and finally impossible. Then, with the coming of the newspapers and the movies, the saloon, lagging superfluous on the stage, had to go. It will never come back."

On Lincoln:

"For the myth is the Lincoln that we have builded out of our own aspirations. It is the American ideal of a good and great man. It is of vastly more importance to the world than the plastercast of life around which this myth has been formed. We do not make gods of wood or stone any more, but take flesh and blood and events and eras and make myth-men who rule us. And one of our strongest rulers is the myth called Lincoln."

On the Lonesome Rich:

"When a man gets so far down and out that he has nothing but his millions between him and starvation Steps Should Be Taken and probably Resolutions Should Be Passed. A home for indigent capitalists might be provided; indeed we have several such homes, and when we get a poor devil into one, as we once had Charles W. Morse, he is ruthlessly and incontinently pardoned out."

On the Economic Boobyhatch:

"Robert Harris lives near Casper, Wyo. He has been in the sheep business sixteen years, and is a competent rancher. This fall he brought twenty-six carloads of sheep to Kansas City, with 135 sheep in each car. After paying the freight and selling the sheep on the market he had eleven cents left for each sheep."

On Andrew Jackson, he says:

"Get out of here, the whole yelping pack of you! When I get a little more time I'm going to ask the Hawkshaw Department of Congress to find out who pays the expenses of the Gridiron Club. But just now I am busy firing all the sons-in-law of the State Department. I have issued an order providing that no man who knows Tuxedo from a *casus belli* shall hold a job in the State Department, and that the vacancies shall be filled from the State agricultural colleges west of the Mississippi. That ought to hold the gaudy dancing beggars who have made our State Department a cross between a pink tea and a home for the half-witted sons of the degenerate rich."

"It was with about that kind of a smash that old Andy hit the world of his day. It has sufficed for nearly a hundred years. But the times are aching for boots and whiskers in the White House—not now, but before another hundred years."

Every week in Judge, William Allen White speaks in his own inimitable, clear and amusing style on many and varied topics.

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Photo Storiottes

(Continued)

Nazimova in a "Doll's House"

From the play by Henrik Ibsen
Directed by Charles Bryant

(A Nazimova production released through United Artists Corporation)

The Cast

Torvald Helmer.....Alan Hale
Nora, his wife.....NAZIMOVA
Doctor Rank.....Nigel de Brulier
Anna, a nurse.....Elinor Oliver
Nils Krogstad.....Wedgwood Nowell
Ellen, a maid.....Cara Lee
Mrs. Linden.....Florence Fisjer
IvarPhilippe de Lacy
(the children)
EmmyBarbara Maier



Nazimova, Philippe de Lacy and Barbara Maier

The Story

THE theme of "A Doll's House," by Henrik Ibsen, Norwegian lyric and dramatic poet, is woman's duty to herself as a factor in the scheme of life.

Torvald Helmer becomes appointed an official in a bank, after a period of poverty and an illness in which his life was saved by the action of his devoted wife Nora, who secretly borrowed money from a lawyer named Krogstad. Now the light-hearted wife is happy with Torvald and her children, and is paying off the money-lender in instalments saved out of her household allowance.

Torvald, a man of strict, narrow ideas, begins his business at the bank by ordering the dismissal of Krogstad, who is an under employee, and who has a reputation for chicanery. The position is intended for a Mrs. Linden, former schoolmate of Nora, who is in want.

Now comes a distinct shock when Krogstad forces an interview with Nora and informs her of his discovery that she had forged her dying father's

name to the bond for her loan. He threatens criminal charges and exposure if she does not induce her husband to retain him at the bank.

Nora makes desperate efforts to change Torvald's decision regarding Krogstad, but only succeeds in hastening the man's dismissal. Torvald makes a bitter harangue against dishonesty and blames the demoralization of children to the influence of bad mothers. Nora shudders at the criminal tendency she may have aroused in her children while they have innocently romped with her.

Depressed by the impending disgrace to herself, her husband, and her children, Nora feels herself doomed unless she can placate Krogstad. She thinks money will still do it, and nerves herself to borrow it from the family friend, Doctor Rank. She is stunned by a new complication. Rank confesses that he has long been her silent worshiper and that he is in love with her. She rebukes him, and in honor to her husband she dare not now solicit aid from Rank. There is nowhere else to turn.

Under a mask of forced merriment Nora makes a resolve to die in order to relieve her husband and children of embarrassment due to her error. She measures her remaining hours by minutes, and by many devices gains about a day's delay of her husband's discovery of the situation. Krogstad has mailed to Torvald a letter containing his threats and charges, and it is in the letter box in the house, from which Nora cannot get it.

At last, after a wild masquerade party of which Nora has been the life and leader, Torvald's thoughts revert to business and he unlocks the box, opens the letter and learns of the forgery and the blackmailing plans of Krogstad. True to his selfishness and narrow mind, Torvald denounces his wife as lost, regardless of the motive of her pitiful error. He decrees her an outcast and contamination to his children.

At this moment, influenced by Mrs. Linden, who was an old sweetheart, Krogstad sends back the forged bond, canceling all peril to Torvald and Nora. Just as irresponsibly as he condemned her, Torvald pardons her. In a mood of grand sympathy he pardons her—although in her darkest moment he had not repaid her devotion with even a flicker of self-sacrifice.

Nora stuns him by firmly rejecting all reconciliation. She realizes as under a clear light that she had taken her husband too seriously—that she has been a toy of a selfish man in a very doll's house, to be discarded at any moment as a broken plaything. Against his miserable protests she goes out from him into the night to seek a new destiny on terms more fair and equal.

There's No Mystery About It—

THERE'S a reason why the nation-wide army of readers of **LESLIE'S WEEKLY** is growing every day. There's no mysterious secret about it. Nothing of the sort. There's a plain, every-day, common-sense reason for it and it is this:

LESLIE'S is attractive. It's interesting. It's likeable. Old and new readers enjoy getting it each week. It's always refreshing, informative, instructive, diverting. It's a welcome arrival in the home, in the office; a pleasant companion when traveling. Every week it contains the kind of articles and editorials *you like to read* and the kind of pictures *you like to see*.

All this is not merely the claim of **LESLIE'S** itself. It represents the collective opinion of a vast number of **LESLIE'S** readers. In fact, many of the words and phrases employed above are culled from recent letters from readers telling why they read it regularly and like it. Here are extracts from just a few of them:

FROM TEXAS: "Each number of **LESLIE'S** shows an improvement over the preceding one. All of your articles are interesting and we have found many of them really helpful. Our favorite feature is the Automobile Department."

FROM INDIANA: "I read your Investment Department every week and find it always filled with valuable, authoritative information. But I enjoy your whole publication, especially the illustrations of events in various parts of the world, and the concise, well-written editorials."

FROM TENNESSEE: "Our whole family looks forward eagerly to the arrival of **LESLIE'S** each week. Its articles are timely and terse; we like its many illustrations and much of its contents we think of such real educational benefit that we like to read it to our children."

FROM PENNSYLVANIA: "**LESLIE'S** gives me articles on timely topics in the compact form I like to read. It is hard to pick out any particular feature I like best. I usually read the editorials first because they express views in snappy, vigorous style, without excess words. The pictures, too, are varied and excellent, especially of events in various places. I like **LESLIE'S** better in its present shape because it is more convenient and easier to handle."

FROM CALIFORNIA: "We have been taking **LESLIE'S** for more than twenty years and we enjoy it more now than we ever did. The auto and investment features are of special interest to us, but almost all of the articles and pictures are highly enjoyable. If **LESLIE'S** keeps on improving as it has for some time you can count on our family as subscribers for the next twenty years."

So you see, there is no mystery about it. **LESLIE'S WEEKLY** readers *like* it, they *enjoy* reading it. That is why its army of readers is steadily growing.



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our 1922 Catalog we will **GIVE** with the above, a pkge. of Flower Seeds. [Our selection].
Japan Seed Co., Box 615, South Norwalk, Conn.

The Barnstormer

(Concluded from page 43)

back again through the audience, quickly divesting it of all its worldly possessions.

Not until the bandit, having cleaned out the house, dashed past Joel and out into the street did anyone realize that this had been no feature of the performance but a real hold-up.

"Stop thief. . . ! Stop thief. . . !" The cry rang through the house.

"Where's his accomplice? . . . Lynch them both!"

But Joel had disappeared in the footsteps of the departing bandit.

Madly the crowd surged in angry protestation, pushing, jostling, swaying. . . . Panic seemed imminent when out upon the stage struggled Joel with the bandit close-locked as two gladiators in mortal combat. Instantly the crowd turned its rapt attention on the two men upon the stage. A hush fell upon them. Nothing but the panting of the two actors broke the silence that hushed the hall.

Emily was far enough down front to watch with conflicting emotions the struggle going on before her. No one knew how she prayed as, silently but surely, the bandit forced Joel back. No one knew how she feared when the bandit's arm rose ever so surely with the gun pointed straight at Joel's heart. . . .

"Joel!"

Emily's cry gave him the strength he needed. With the inspiration of her interest he bore the villain back until, wrenching the gun from his grasp, he flung him to the stage.

Great was the applause that followed. The audience rushed upon them bent upon wrecking their vengeance upon the villain and their praise upon Joel, but he, with another thought in mind, drew Emily away in the ensuing confusion and out into the star-lit night.

And there Joel laid plans to play the leading part in Emily's town for the remainder of his life.

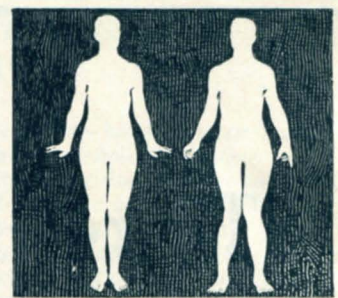
Fictionized from the film of the same name with Charles Ray and Charlotte Pierce.

[The story on page 42 is fictionized from the film of that name with Harry Sweet and Margaret Cloud.]

New Use for Babies

E. A. WARREN, who wears an elaborate though false beard in "Hungry Hearts," at the Goldwyn studios, found an absolutely novel way to remove it. His little fifteen months' old baby did it for him, and got much joy out of plucking the hair from the grease paint every night.

Very good now, but what if Mr. Warren should decide to grow a real beard?




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Photo Storiottes

(Continued)

Beyond the Rainbow

An R.-C. Picture directed by
William Christy Cabanne

The Cast

Edward Mallory.....Harry Morey
Marion Taylor...Lillian (Billie) Dove
Henrietta Greeley.....Virginia Lee
Frances Gardener.....Diana Allen
Louis Wade.....James Harrison
Count Ricardo Terrion...Macey Harlam
Mrs. Burns.....Rose Coghlan
Dr. Ramsey.....Maurice Costello
Mrs. Gardener.....Helen Ware
Mr. Gardener.....George Fawcett
Esther.....Marguerite Courtot
Inspector Richardson...Edmund Breese
Robert Judson.....Walter Miller
Col. Henry Cartright...Charles Craig
Virginia Gardener.....Clara Bow
(Winner Brewster 1921 contest)
Bruce Forbes.....Huntly Gordon



Billy Dove and Macey Harlam

The Story

BECAUSE of the prank of a little girl, Virginia Gardener, a number of people gathered at the Gardener home are thrown into consternation. While the ball is in progress Virginia throws from the balcony a number of slips of paper upon which she has mischievously printed: "Let your conscience be your guide—your secret is common gossip."

Upon each one of the gay dancers the bit of paper has a stunning effect. Edward Mallory fears his fiancée, Henrietta Greeley, has discovered his unfaithfulness; Marion Taylor, Mallory's stenographer, who has come to the ball posing as a wealthy society belle, is sure her identity has been discovered. Count Ricardo believes everybody now knows him as the Mexican clerk which he really is; Robert Judson is certain his hatred for Edward Mallory has been made known.

The Count flees. Marion seeks

Edward Mallory, accusing him of disclosing her identity. Mallory in turn accuses her of having told Henrietta of his unfaithfulness. Bruce Forbes, who has been much attracted to Marion, hastens to defend her. In the midst of the scene the room is darkened, there is a pistol shot. When the lights come on Edward Mallory is lying on the floor while Bruce Forbes stands over him with a smoking revolver in his hand. The untangling of the mystery is a devious affair but the wily inspector finally fastens the blame where it belongs—on Judson. After all, Mallory is not dead but the close shave has awakened him to a sense of honor. Marion finds her happiness with Bruce Forbes.

"Three Live Ghosts"

By George Fitzmaurice
(Paramount)



Cyril Chadwick, Edward Golding, Norman Kerry, Dorothy Fane and Anna Nilsson

The Story

THREE British soldiers, all reported officially dead, reach London on Armistice Night. There is Billy Foster, American, who enlisted in the British army because he was accused of killing a man and was in love with the man's ward, Ivis; Spoofy, whose mind is a blank from shell-shock and can't tell who he is; and Jimmy Gubbins, a typical cockney Tommy.

Jimmy receives a cold welcome from his mother, who has been collecting and drinking up his life insurance, but he takes his two pals in with him. Spoofy breaks out and, entering the home of a Duke, steals the jewelry, dons the Duke's clothes, and kidnaps the Duke's child. Whereupon Scotland Yard gets on the trail of both Spoofy and of Billy Foster, wanted for murder. How Spoofy turns out to be the Duke himself and how Billy vindicates himself and wins Ivis is told in a story that is as funny as it is thrilling.

How I Increased My Arm 6½ Inches

When a youngster, I was a thin, frail boy who showed little promise of being anything but a weakling. I always envied my robust companions and wished that I could be like them, but I had been told the old story that strong men are born, not made. What a terrible falsehood this is. And to think of the thousands of people who have been robbed of their ambition by these false teachings. When I entered High School I was fortunate enough to meet an instructor who was willing to work with me and who started me on my road to success. By faithfully following his teachings and by hard work, I gradually developed myself to have an average sized body so that I at least need not be ashamed. My arm measured 10 inches in circumference and my whole body had developed into fair proportions.

The Secret Discovered

I was so pleased with these results that I decided to make this my life study, so I bought all the books I could obtain on "human anatomy" and tested out various forms of exercise to see what their effects would be on my body. I finally discovered the real secret of progressive exercise and I want to say right here that a man discovering a gold mine was never more happy than I. I knew at once my fondest hopes would be realized. I could feel real vim and vigor thrilling my veins and I was soon able to accomplish feats of strength which hitherto I had thought impossible.

Friends who met me on the street began to look at me in astonishment. The boys started to call me **THE STRONG MAN** and you can imagine how delighted this made me.

The Result

As I mentioned before, my biceps had measured but 10 inches before I made this discovery. Today they are exactly 16½ inches. This is not only far beyond that of the average strong man of today, but is conclusive proof to me that my secret method far surpasses that of any other system.

Numerous demands were soon made of me to appear in public displaying my wonderful development and also to perform the numerous strength tests which I was able to accomplish. After traveling throughout the country having my name as the headliner in the various theatrical houses, I decided to become a public benefactor and impart this knowledge to others. Today my pupils run into the thousands and I receive letters daily from other men who have sprung into prominence like myself by following my guidance and instructions.

What This Means To You

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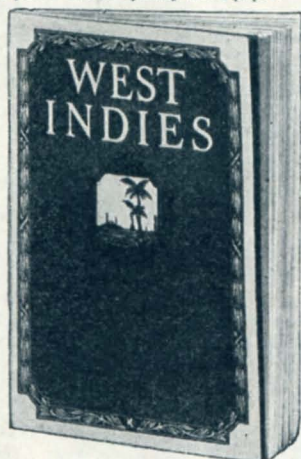
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Photo Storiottes

(Continued)

Wallace Reid in "The World's Champion"

(Paramount)



Wallace Reid and Kid McCoy

The Cast

William Burroughs....Wallace Reid
Lady Elizabeth.....Lois Wilson

The Story

THIS is the breezy story of William Burrough (Wallace Reid). Bill was considered rather no-account by his wealthy British father, who aspired to a peerage. About the only one who had any faith in him was lovely Lady Elizabeth (Lois Wilson). Well, Bill finally kicked the dust of Britain off his boots and went to America, where, after various adventures, he went into the box-fighting business and became American middle-weight champion after a slam-bang fray with the former title-holder. Then Prodigal Bill hied himself home to England. Bill's father, about to be made a duke or something, was horrified that a son of his had become a pug, and feared that fact would queer the duke business. But when all the nobility began crowding around Champion William and feting him and all that, papa came around quickly and killed the fatted calf. Meantime, there was Lady Elizabeth, pretty as ever—well, Bill just bought two tickets, and they boarded a steamer together for America. Selah!



"The World's Champion" is filmed from the play, "The Champion," which was one of the season's hits. Grant Mitchell played the leading rôle.

"A Rambling Romeo"

(Educational-Christie Comedy)

Featuring
Neal Burns



Neal Burns and Helen Darling

The Story

DICK and Tom had sweethearts in the same building. Dick was so fast that he had the ring on his sweetheart's finger five minutes after he called, and had time to try to help out Tom, who was so bashful he failed utterly at proposing.

But when Dick proposed, Tom's sweetheart accepted him for himself, and invited him to dinner that evening, although his first fiancée was expecting him. He sent a message to fiancée No. two that he was called out of town; but when he tried to sneak upstairs to have dinner with his true love, the girl downstairs saw him and dragged him in to the table. He divided his time between the two parties, taking one course downstairs and the next upstairs, while Tom was burning with rage, thinking his best friend had "double-crossed" him.

When the family upstairs came downstairs to visit, and the girls found they were "both engaged to the same man," Dick explained, and the girl Tom wanted admitted she was just trying to make him jealous, and the tangled affairs of this modern Romeo were straightened out.



We're wondering what Betty Compson is going to do with that parasol if she goes in swimmin'. It won't be there when she gets back!

IT is safe to say that hundreds of thousands of men and women in their thirties and forties, laughed with glee in their childhood at the antics of Tote du Crow, who has a villainous rôle, that of "the jackal" in "The Vermillion Pencil," which is to be released in the spring. Sessue Hayakawa is the star. Du Crow was the original "Toto" the clown, with Ringling Brothers, and with Barnum & Bailey's circuses. He played in New York in an Al. H. Woods' production for one year, but his real popularity and fame came in the sawdust ring.




THE cowpunchers, bad men and other Western specimens in "Tharon of Lost Valley," which will star Dorothy Dalton for Paramount under direction of Paul Powell, sent in a petition to the latter that they have tea every afternoon at four o'clock. So the obliging Mr. Powell provided the refreshments. It is a really noble sight to witness Clarence Burton, George Field, Frank Campeau and a few other of the villainous looking crew sipping the fragrant beverage from dainty china cups during moments between scenes. One grizzled old puncher as he drank his tea shook his head mournfully:

"If," he remarked, "some of the boys on the range could see me now they would sure admire to tell me that I was on the road to perdition. I dunno what I'm comin' to!"

FRED STONE is one motion picture star who never runs afoul of the censorship regulations on kissing. He simply doesn't do it in his productions. He makes a dashing, daring cowpuncher, rough-rider and rope artist; he takes every sort of a chance to get the results his director may want—but he simply will not go into the time-honored clinch. Even in "Billy Jim," his latest R.-C. picture, which Frank Borzage directed, and which develops a mighty interesting romance plot, along with its dashing Western action, Stone avoided the kisses. He makes love on the screen just as any bashful boy would do—and it's refreshing.



TSURU AOKI, who plays the rôle of a Chinese bride, in support of Sessue Hayakawa, her husband, in "Five Days to Live," wears the conventional wedding costume, which is of almost barbaric splendor and magnificence. It consists of an undercoat and trousers of heavy purple silk; an over-jacket of silk in many colors and shades, blues, greens, yellows, reds and richly embroidered in flower and butterfly designs. The most significant parts of the costume, however, are the tiny silver bells which are hung about on panels covering the trousers and which give forth a faint tinkle as the bride moves about. It is said that each of these bells expresses a wish for a male heir, and their absence from the wedding costume would be a mark of great impiety by the bride.



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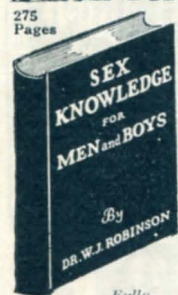
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Flashbacks

TWENTY-FIVE thousand persons were used in filming the stupendous series of four Paramount pictures called "The Mistress of the World."

In some of the more spectacular scenes, especially those showing the entire populace of the lost city of Ophir worshipping at a pagan temple, as many as 10,000 people are seen on the screen at the same time.

The large number of actors employed throughout the production was made necessary by the fact that no fewer than three different races of people are used in large numbers. The locale of the story is laid in Denmark, China and Africa. The Chinese scenes show the city of Canton with its immense crowded population, which required a vast number of Chinese supernumeraries. Then the story switched to Africa, where the incidents of the story occurred amid savage negro tribes, requiring a large number of negro extras. Then the story changes to the city of Ophir, where white people are used again, and then the scene shifts again to Denmark, where vast crowds of people acclaim the safe return of the airplane which had gone into Africa to rescue the heroine and her companions from the hands of the Ophir population.

Before staging the Chinese scenes the director, Joseph May, was obliged to scour Europe to find a sufficient number of Chinese to make the Canton scenes realistic. In a stage play, a white man can become a plausible Chinese by means of make-up, as was proved by Walker Whiteside in "The Typhoon" and "Mr. Wu." But the revealing eye of the camera acts in just the opposite manner from the illusory glare of the footlights. The footlights hide imperfections of make-up; the camera throws flaws of characterization into high relief. Therefore, it was necessary for the director to engage real Chinese.

The same meticulous care was necessary in engaging players for the scenes showing the cannibals. No amount of burnt cork can make a white man a negro on the screen; for there is the matter of the thick lips and negroid nostrils which the camera shows so sharply that imitations appear ludicrous.

Lee Moran in

"Upper and Lower"



Lee invests in a box of burnt cork and a uniform and joins the Ancient Order of Railroad Porters.



He oversteps the lines laid down by his job and his new color and is in danger of starting a race riot.



He obeys the natural impulse inspired by all tunnels and after kissing the girl gives some of his southern exposure to her.

GET ON THE STAGE

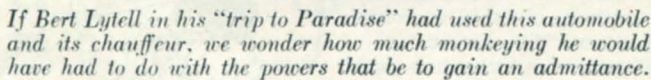
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The crowd of indignant lynchers in their effort to punish him make the astounding discovery that black is white.



Since the word has gone forth that directors prefer blondes to brunettes, many a girl is dyeing to go into the movies.

TULLY MARSHALL is one of the very few motion picture actors whose name appears in "Who's Who in America." He has been everything in theatricals, including call-boy, prompter, stage manager, director, producer, star, leading man, character parts, press agent, advance man, cornetist in the orchestra, and orchestra conductor. At that, he does not pretend to all-knowledge, and is one of the easiest men on the screen to direct in pictures. His latest R.-C. picture is "Silent Years," directed by Gasnier, taking the rôle of a money-grubbing miser in a little French-Canadian village.

It took "Humoresque" to put the ma in cinema.

THE largest stage in the world with a glass roof was formally christened December 17, when the employees at the Paramount West Coast studio held a dance on the new floor of the Number 4 stage, which has just been completely roofed with glass. Nearly 2,000 persons, including all the Paramount directors, stars and leading players, attended.

The stage is 115 x 250 feet. The roofing is supported by steel, canvas walled and with thousands of panes of glass forming the covering. Hitherto it has been an open stage. It contains the famous tank where such scenes as the lion's den in "Male and Female," and the *Lusitania* wreck in "The Little American," both C. B. DeMille productions, were staged. It also holds a miniature tropical garden.

"**T**S Matrimony a Failure," will probably conclude by a scene on location where T. Roy Barnes, who plays the leading rôle in this Paramount special comedy, has to chop down a tree, thereby emulating the immortal George Washington.

"Except," he says, "it isn't a cherry tree and it isn't my hatchet. Both belong to the prop department. However, I hope to make a good clean job of it, having had so much practice swinging a golf club."



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Close-ups

THE signing of Rudolph Valentino under a three-year contract to star in Paramount pictures, and the purchase of a list of notable dramatic properties for production as Paramount pictures have just been announced by Jesse L. Lasky.

Valentino's first appearance under his new contract will be as the treader in Blasco Ibanez's novel and play, "Blood and Sand." The screen adaptation of the novel will be made by June Mathis, who adapted "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."

In "Blood and Sand," Mr. Valentino will have an all-star supporting cast, including Bebe Daniels as the Spanish vamp and May McAvoy as the wife.

Other announcements made by Mr. Lasky were:

Penrhyn Stanlaws' next production will be "Over the Border," an adaptation of Sir Gilbert Parker's "She of the Triple Chevron," with an all-star cast headed by Betty Compson and Tom Moore.

After the completion of "Bought and Paid For," William de Mille will produce "Nice People," Rachel Crothers' successful Broadway play, with an all-star cast.

Agnes Ayres will next be starred in "The Ordeal," by W. Somerset Maugham, author of this season's Broadway success, "The Circle."

George Fitzmaurice, who has just finished "The Man From Home," in Italy, will go to Egypt for exterior scenes in his next picture.

Jack Holt and Bebe Daniels will be co-starred in "A Stampede Madonna," a story of Alaska by Monte M. Katterjohn, author of "The Flame of the Yukon."

Gloria Swanson will next appear in a screen version of "The Love Dream," a successful Broadway comedy.

Upon his return from Europe, Cecil B. DeMille will produce "Manslaughter," the novel by Alice Duer Miller, with a cast of well-known stars.

George Melford has returned to California to start work on "The Cat that Walked Alone," with Dorothy Dalton and Milton Sills in the leading rôles.

\$160,000 Spent on Costumes for Ingram's "Prisoner of Zenda"

COSTUMES costing \$160,000 have been supplied for the Rex Ingram production for Metro of Anthony Hope's "The Prisoner of Zenda." The designs were taken from models of British court costumes. Alice Terry, as the Princess Flavia, wears, in the coronation scene, a gown of rose colored broadened silk velvet with a low square bodice, elbow sleeves and a sweeping train. The neck and sleeves are trimmed with kolinsky fur.

The screen adaptation of the novel was made by Mary O'Hara. The production is being photographed by John F. Seitz.

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Look out below! Do you wonder Harold Lloyd gets about five million dollars a minute when he has to pull off stunts like this?

A Game Chicken

(Concluded from page 44)

suave piece of villainy when he convinced Inez that Rush was really an agent of the Purity League, in Stony Point, to conduct a raid upon the country club, and that he was shamming love for her only in order to betray her.

"I'll show him," cried poor, deluded and hot-headed Inez, and forthwith lured Rush into the hands of Jose, who rowed the American and Inez out to the rum-laden schooner.

But Rush had been able to get word to Boston, and soon Revenue officers from the Hub were racing on a submarine chaser through the fog in search of the smugglers' vessel.

Meantime the salty tang, or some-

thing, had fired the blood of Jose and led him to show his true lovely self. Telling Inez that he intended to kidnap her and make her his freebooting queen, he started to get rid of Rush by hanging him to the yardarm. This was too much for Inez, who suddenly discovered that she had loved Rush all the time, "revenooer" or not; and, taking a desperate chance, she set fire to the vessel.

Attracted by the flames, the sub-chaser came churning up in time to take part in the rough-and-tumble fight on the smugglers' flame-swept deck and to rescue Inez and Rush from watery graves.

They were married in Boston.

Yet It's True

By P. L. A.

Fairbanks never hits the bottle,
Mary Pickford ain't profane.
Ferguson reads Aristotle,
Chaplin's not a bit insane.

Wallace Reid is almost saintly,
Swanson often says her prayers;
It is said, and that most quaintly,
Ray won't throw his wife down-
stairs.

We could write like this forever
On filmland, as we conceive it;
But, we fear, the public never,
Never, never would believe it.

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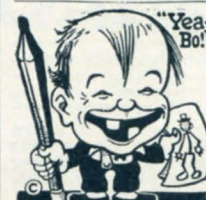
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Lila Lee is here shown to be considerably up against it. Both men perhaps are less overcome with a desire to help the poor lady than they are with the cold.

Richard Barthelmess Like a King

RICHARD BARTHELMESS on his return from location down in Maine, where "The Seventh Day" was filmed, went to the producing company's office.

"We lived like kings on that private yacht," he enthusiastically said. "And the food! Why, it was as good as you could get at any of the best hotels in the city."

"I'll say the food was all of that," said the unenthusiastic business manager.

"How do you know?" asked the star.

"I've just got the bills," was the laconic reply.

Bayard at Bay

BAYARD VEILLER, the Metro director, was in charge of collecting a Christmas fund for the poor children of Los Angeles. Having ob-

tained heavy subscriptions from most of the actors, he tackled a visitor to the studios at Hollywood. The visitor happened to be an out-of-work actor in hard straits to keep his family going. Mr. Veiller approached him with the announcement:

"I'm raising a fund for the poor children—"

"Yes, I know," said the visitor, "and I'm raising the poor children for the fund."

BERT LYTELL, the Metro star, announces that, with the temporary closing of Metro studios in Hollywood, he will tour the country, taking in the principal cities.

"I'll go from the Pacific to the Atlantic, pursuing a zig-zag course."

"Don't say that," interrupted his director, Bayard Veiller. "Anyone not acquainted with your temperance habits might misconstrue it."

MAKE YOUR OWN MOVIES

and see 'em as much as you like!



BUSTER KEATON

who shipped oceans of laughs on "The Boat" and was accused of making a wooden Indian laugh during "The Paleface," has prepared this De Luxe size comedy for private audiences. Buster had to do something to let the people see him, who couldn't get into a theater when he was playing.

**Make Buster
Keaton stand
on his head.
See the back
cover of this
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*You'll see this on
every Buster Keaton
Comedy*



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—see Buster stand on his head!

CUT OUT each of the little panels illustrated below and arrange them one after the other, in numerical order,—number 1 on top, the others following in sequence. Take an ordinary paper clip and fasten all the slips together at the bottom; or fasten around with a rubber band. Then hold the booklet firmly at bottom with thumb and index finger of left hand and snap the leaves at top with thumb of right hand and you'll see Buster perform one of the many tricks that have made him foremost among the comedy stars of the screen!



1. Have you seen Buster Keaton in "The Paleface"?



2. If you want to yell like a howling Indian—see it.



3. Don't say that you haven't seen "The Boat."



4. GRACIOUS!



5. That is really the best comedy Buster ever made.



6. Shimmy your timbers—



7. Buster packed the boat with a cargo of laughs.



8. And "The Blacksmith." Wasn't that a furnace of fun?



9. Well, of course, you've heard of the monkey that could act like a man—



10. But in "The Playhouse" Buster shows you the man who could act like a monkey. Remember?



11. And the latest? O joy!



12. It's called "Cops!"



13. Buster gets as popular with the police force



14. As the man who stole the green lamps from the front of the police station.



15. He breaks up the annual police parade



16.—Then the fun begins.



17. Don't miss this one.



18. It's a riot.



19. And lest you forget, you'll see this on every comedy Buster makes.



20. A FIRST NATIONAL ATTRACTION.

